

10¢

NO.
32

CATMAN

COMICS



This Stands for Honorable Service
to Our Country





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

10¢

NO.
32

CATMAN

COMICS



This Stands for Honorable Service
to Our Country



EASY TO USE
An ideal instrument that you can use to BROADCAST THROUGH YOUR OWN RADIO. Talk, sing, act. Put on your own radio show. Tune in pathos. Sing sweethearts. Use it as a SEQUESTAPHONE. Imitate conversations, noises, jingles, etc., from another room or place. You're kidding. It's all successful in voice, behind-tricks, etc. Use it as ELECTRIC TELEPHONE. Connected to telephone it is used as a TALKING MACHINE. NO MIND READING, MEDICAL TRICKS, SPIRIT PHENOMENA, etc. Plus for the ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTER. Instructions. Simple to operate. Average boy of 13 can do it. Complete with illustrated booklet, which explains how to use it. Includes also a book of 100 experiments and illustrates the many uses of the instrument. When used with radio or television set, microphone button is optional.
INVENTOR. Write me with radio, microphone button is optional. When used with radio or television set, microphone button is optional. MICROPHONE TRANSMITTER BUTTON, Price Postpaid. CARPHONE For Use With Transmitter Button. Price...
Two batteries required for two-way telephonic communication.
3 Buttons for \$4.98; 6 for \$2.00
50c
\$1.00

LIVE WHITE MICE
FRIENDLY PETS - 00 STUNTS



Mysterious Running Mouse

"I'M NOT A
 MESSY RUNT FROM
 ONE OF THOSE
 OTHER, SLIMY
 CREEPY, SLEAZE
 STORIES AND GOOD
 AS DEAD. I'M
 A MESSY RUNT
 WITH A 15c
 PRICE..."



**Magnetic
'Live' PUPS**

Magnetic Sea-Testing Hoofy Donkeys are a million wild, wailing, and sure footed, bawling live other and call them rain, they yell, move, like in a parading, running manner, motivated by powerful Alnico magnets. No motion, no sound. These powerful magnets make them perform many stunts. No noise. **35c**

[illegible]

STAGE MONEY

With a bunch of these bills, it's easy for a person to [read] out the most popular professions in the country. It will also tell you the proper times and feelings for all the major [read] from the [read] in the [read]. The effect created will be [read] to [read] the [read]. Buy a [read] for \$1.20 for \$60, or \$2.00 for [read] and [read].

WONDERFUL X-RAY 10c
CURE OF SORE THROAT
KEEPS SUSPENSE! With it
you can amaze all the
boys in the class. See the
bones in the X-ray. Lead in
pencil. even the bit of
translucent. Knead for
10c. No. 3002

750 Tricks ...
wonderful ideas
with 1000
amazing, magical
tricks, sleight of
hand, magic, etc.
Simple yet per-
forming, val-
uable, illu-
strated. **10c**
Each

\$1.98

DES.

length of
how to lance
set quickly. Meets
chance woodman's tool
and rubber tip. General
Set of 2 Folds and Initial

RADIO MIKE

BROADCAST your radio or
phone through your radio or
television from any part
of the world. Just add
the small, portable
listening set, called a **DIACAST**
home set, attached to any re-
ceiver, and your own program at home, or
from the office, is broadcasted, heard by
hundreds of ears. Mutual construction, about 5

\$1.50

Biko-Motor Roars Like a Motorcycle

Dummy Motor Gives Bills Looks and Noise #1 ■

Say, boys, here I a ME
 WILL see you! The LOOK, I
 car and some of the THILL
 is motorcycle. It is not a tank
 or it looks like one.
 Special hairs device QUEE will
 allase you. And the rest of
 is a good motorcycle. Smiling
 he it mighty cool. Death's most
 effect. You built you no, you
 ou sent a steady 'pat-pat' if a
 sent with it becomes a minute

**Add a Metal to Your Blue
1 and 2 Passenger Midget Autos**

[illegible]








BOY ELECTRICIAN Tells how to
wired in
mill bays
in aviation, motor, radios,
telegraph apparatus, international
instruments, electric bells, micro-
phone, electric machines, etc. 65 pages. **10c**

**LEARN VENTRIL
THROW**

With a trunk, under the b
ladies teacher, polices
THE VENTRIL A
above for Bird Calls, etc.
book with full course ne
THE PRICE POSTPAID

COLORFUL SWEATER EMBLEMS

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Skull with
Crossbones
 Wolf
 Skull
 Winged
 Skull
 Skull
 Skull
 Skull

Name: _____
 Rank: _____
 Unit: _____
 Date: _____

LUMINOUS PAINT

Small 9c. Medium 15c. Large 25c.

**QUIISM AND APPARENTLY
YOUR VOICE!**
or anywhere Lots of fun
friends. **10c**
little instrument. fits in the
pocket of shirt used with

Also known as double throat,
surrogatum together with the
D ONLY.

TELEPHONES 25c



1 lb. 10¢
 2 lb. 18¢
 3 lb. 25¢
 4 lb. 32¢
 5 lb. 39¢
 6 lb. 46¢
 7 lb. 53¢
 8 lb. 60¢
 9 lb. 67¢
 10 lb. 74¢
 11 lb. 81¢
 12 lb. 88¢
 13 lb. 95¢
 14 lb. 1.02
 15 lb. 1.09
 16 lb. 1.16
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 93 lb. 6.55
 94 lb. 6.62
 95 lb. 6.69
 96 lb. 6.76
 97 lb. 6.83
 98 lb. 6.90
 99 lb. 6.97
 100 lb. 7.04

Learn To DANCE
OVER 100 ILLUSTRATIONS

[illegible]

10-JINSO DON'T BUY **30c**
PROTECT FOUNESS

\$69 to Win! \$100 to Lose!

100 POWER TELESCOPE

[illegible]

MAMMOTH NEW CATALOG

1947 1948
 being given. Over 500
 7000 available.
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 1951 1952
 1953 1954
 1955 1956
 1957 1958
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 1961 1962
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FENCING SET

...to land Flight
...Holler. Teacher
...of self defense
...falls through 2 feet
...complete instruction
...and
...the
...98

COMING! MAMMOTH NEW CATALOG

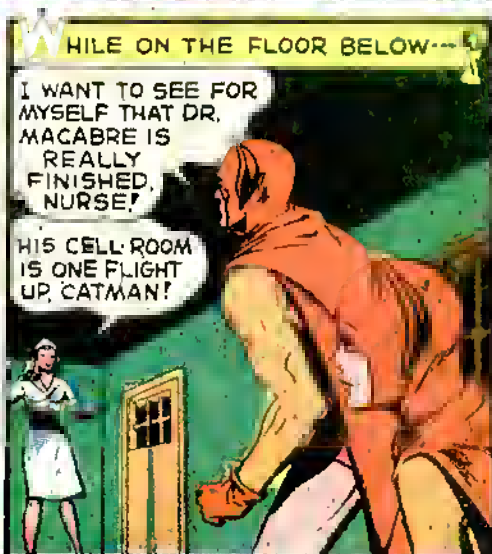
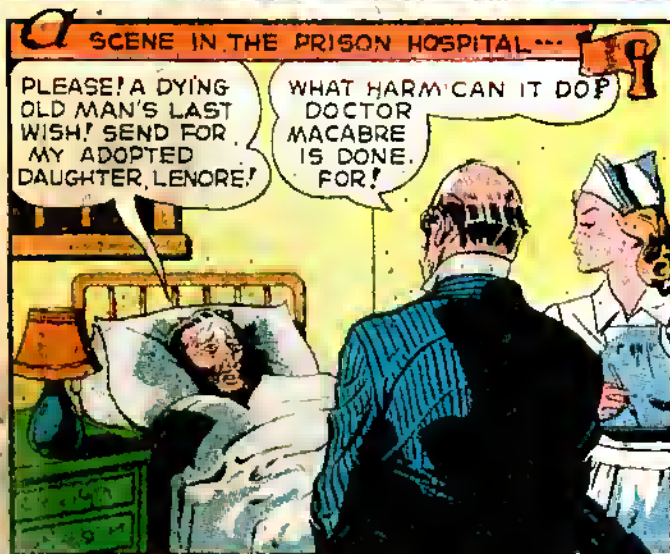
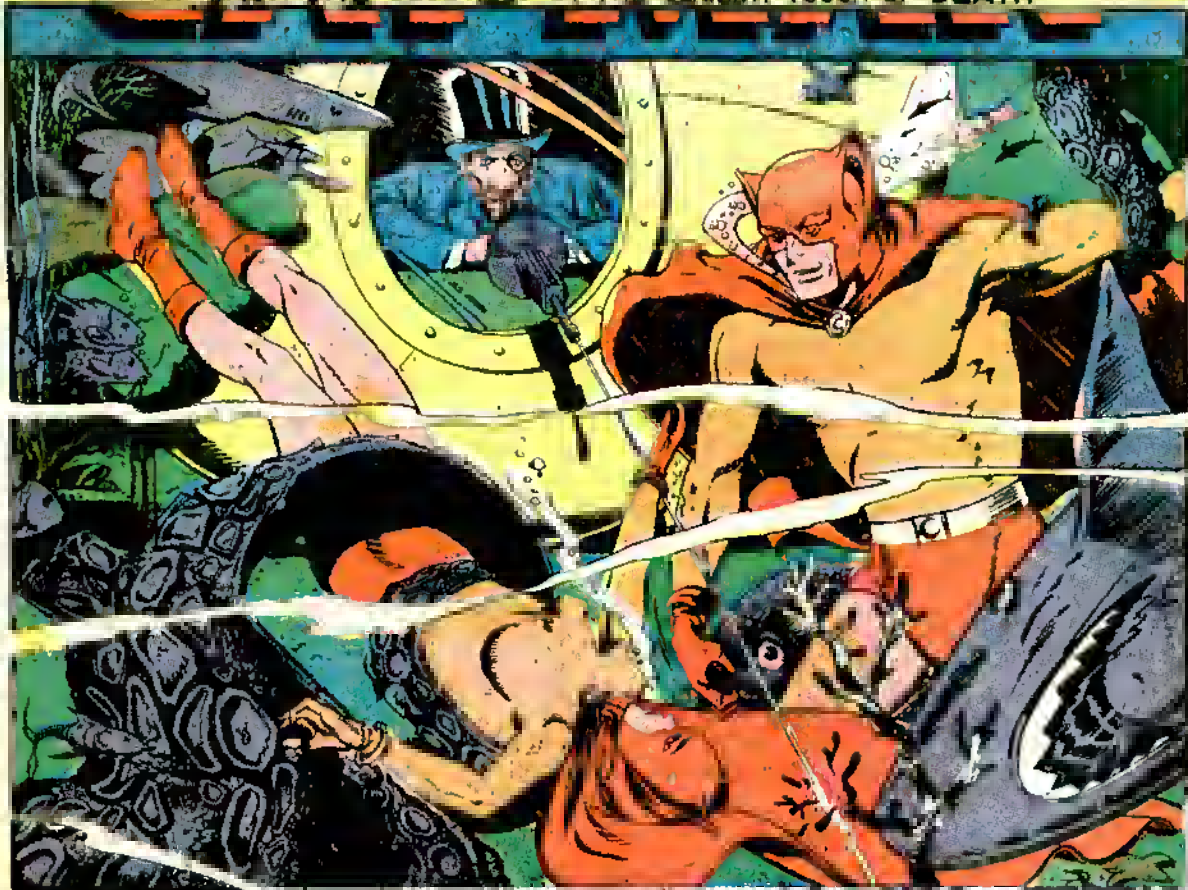
[illegible]

JOHNSON SMITH CO., DEPT. 171 DETROIT 7, MICH.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., DEPT. 171 DETROIT 7, MICHIGAN

CATMAN

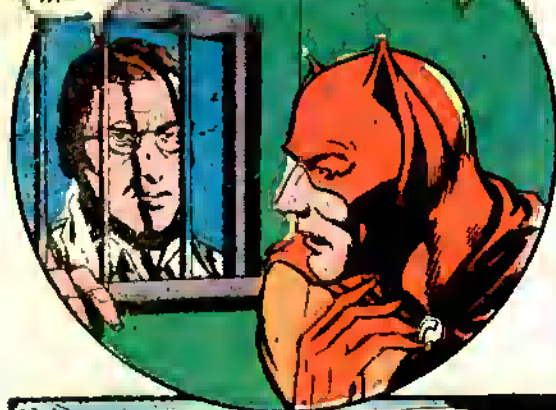
WITH DR. MACABRE MORTALLY WOUNDED, CATMAN AND KITTEN FELT THEY COULD BREATHE EASILY AGAIN AND RETURN TO THEIR NORMAL QUIET LIVES AS CAPTAIN MERRYWEATHER AND HIS WARD, KATIE! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE DISCOVERY OF THE JONAS PEARLS, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND PERFECT SPECIMENS EVER SEEN-- AND EACH ONE BEDEVILED BY THE CLAMMY TOUCH OF DEATH---



S UDDENLY FROM ONE OF THE CELL...

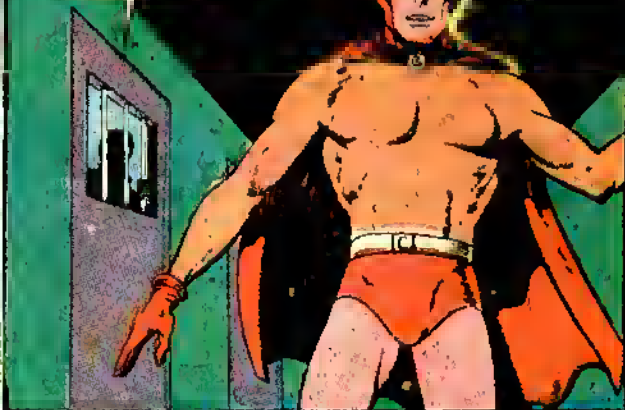
CATMAN!
KITSEN!
LISTEN TO
ME...

MELVIN JONAS! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?



GET PERMISSION
TO SEE ME
RIGHT AWAY!

OKAY... ONE MOMENT,
NURSE! I WANT TO VISIT
MR. JONAS!



WERE ALONE, MR.
JONAS! WHY ARE YOU,
A FAMOUS FISHERIES
EXPERT, IN THIS
PLACE?

BECAUSE EVERYONE
BELIEVES THIS PEARL
I DEVELOPED AFTER
FIFTEEN YEARS OF
EXPERIMENTING,
IS A FRAUD!



I NEED A TRUSTEE TO
PROTECT MY INTERESTS
AT MY EXPERIMENTAL
STATION AT BAJA CALI-
FORNIA! IT **MUST** BE
YOU, CATMAN! I DARE
TRUST NO ONE ELSE!

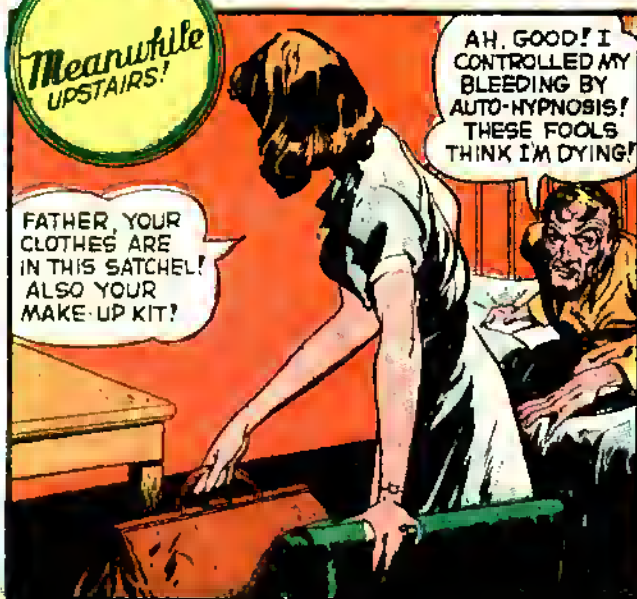
THAT'S OUT OF
MY LINE! I CAN
SUGGEST SOMEONE
THOUGH--A CAPTAIN
MERRYWEATHER!



*Meanwhile
UPSTAIRS!*

FATHER, YOUR
CLOTHES ARE
IN THIS SATCHEL!
ALSO YOUR
MAKE-UP KIT!

AH, GOOD! I
CONTROLLED MY
BLEEDING BY
AUTO-HYPNOSIS!
THESE FOOLS
THINK I'M DYING!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

AH, A LONE VISITOR! HE'LL DO...
FORTUNATELY THE PRISON
HOSPITAL IS SHORT-HANDED!
NO ONE ELSE IS IN THE
CORRIDOR!

I'LL TURN
OUT THE
LIGHT,
FATHER--





EARLY THE FOLLOWING WEEK...

I'M GLAD, UNCLE DAVE, YOU WERE APPOINTED TRUSTEE FOR MR. JONAS! HE'S SO NICE!

I'M SURE JONAS IS ON THE LEVEL KATIE! BUT LET'S GO TO THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM!



THE DESERT IN THE MOONLIGHT IS REALLY A SIGHT TO SEE!

KEEP HIDDEN BACK OF THIS NEWSPAPER, LENORE! OPPORTUNITY BECKONS ME--



ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL, KATIE?

YES, BUT FRIGHTENING AND MYSTERIOUS--AS IF IT HELD MANY AWFUL SECRETS!



HA! AND - HERE'S ONE MORE SECRET FOR THE SANDS OF TIME!

WHAT THE--!



BUT CAPTAIN MERRYWEATHER AND KATIE FALL CLEAR OF THE TRACKS AND ONTO THE SOFT DRIFTING SANDS--

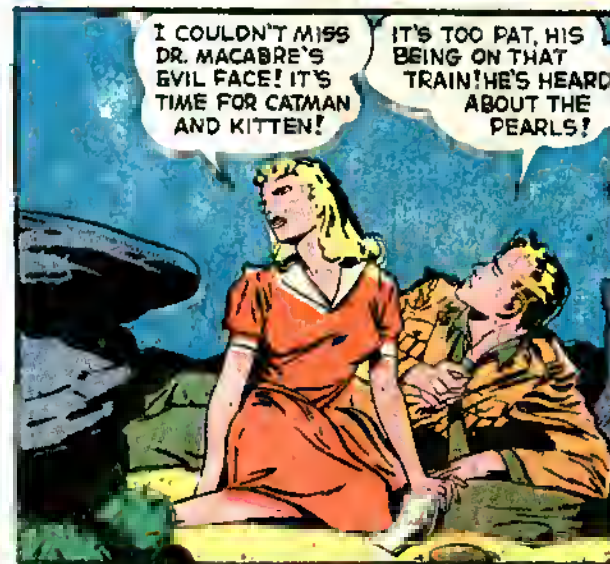
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, KATIE?

SHAKEN UP, BUT OKAY! DID YOU SEE WHO PUSHED US?



I COULDN'T MISS DR. MACABRE'S EVIL FACE! IT'S TIME FOR CATMAN AND KITTEN!

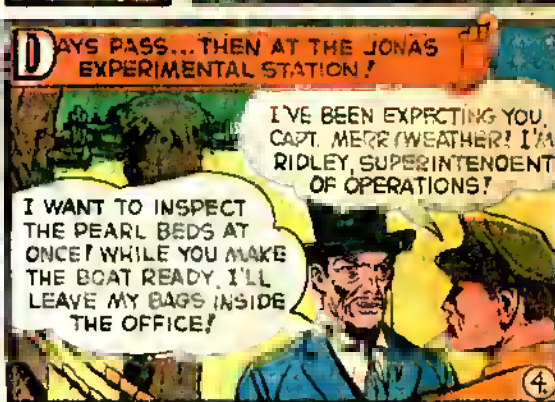
IT'S TOO PAT, HIS BEING ON THAT TRAIN! HE'S HEARD ABOUT THE PEARLS!



DAYS PASS... THEN AT THE JONAS EXPERIMENTAL STATION!

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, CAPT. MERRYWEATHER! I'M RIDLEY, SUPERINTENDENT OF OPERATIONS!

I WANT TO INSPECT THE PEARL BEDS AT ONCE! WHILE YOU MAKE THE BOAT READY, I'LL LEAVE MY BAGS INSIDE THE OFFICE!



**ALONE IN THE OFFICE, DR. MACABRE
PHONES DRAKE D'ARCY, RACKETEER
AND GAMBLER, OF A WEST COAST CITY IN U.S.A.**

FLY ALL AVAILABLE
MEN TO BAJA CALI-
FORNIA---**NOW!**
HIDE IN THE
HILLS 'TILL YOU
GET MY SIGNAL!

OKAY, DR. MACABRE,
GIVE ME YOUR
LOCATION--- OF
COURSE, THIS MUST
BE WORTH MY
WHILE-- **REAL
DOUGH!**

ABOUT AN HOUR LATER--OFF SHORE!

NO OUTSIDER HAS EVER
SEEN THESE PEARL
BEDS, CAPTAIN!

IF I'M SATISFIED
EVERYTHING IS CORRECT
I SHALL TRY FOR MR.
JONAS' RELEASE--IT
WILL TAKE TIME, OF
COURSE!

THE GREAT FENCES KEEP POWER-
FUL FISH FROM DEVOURING THE
PEARL OYSTERS AND MOLLUSKS!
THE MEN ARE INJECTING IRRITANTS
UNDER THE SHELLS OF THE BI-
VALVES---

--AND THE BIVALVES
SECRETE PROTECTIVE
NACRE WHICH
FORMS THE PEARLS!
AN AMAZING
PROCESS!

THOUSANDS OF PRICELESS
PEARLS! AND ALL MINE--

BUT HOW CAN
THE MEN
ESCAPE THOSE
SHARKS,
RIDLEY,
WHEN THEY
LEAVE?

THEY ENTER THE
DIVING BELL
THROUGH A
COMPRESSION
CHAMBER! THIS
RADAR CONTROL
OPENS THE GATE
WHEN IT'S SAFE!

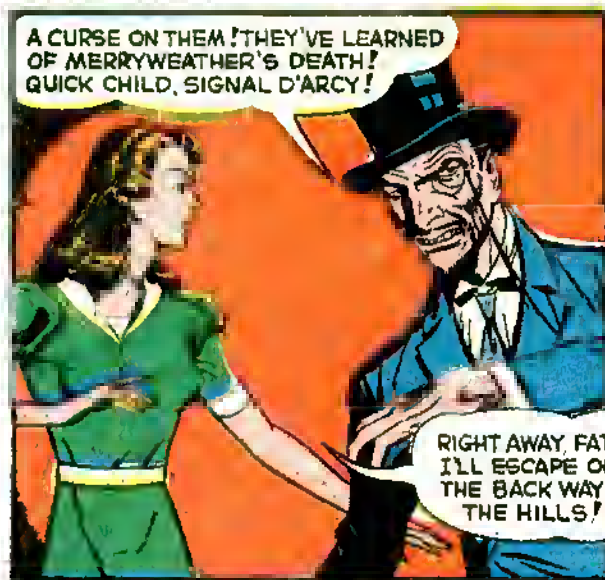
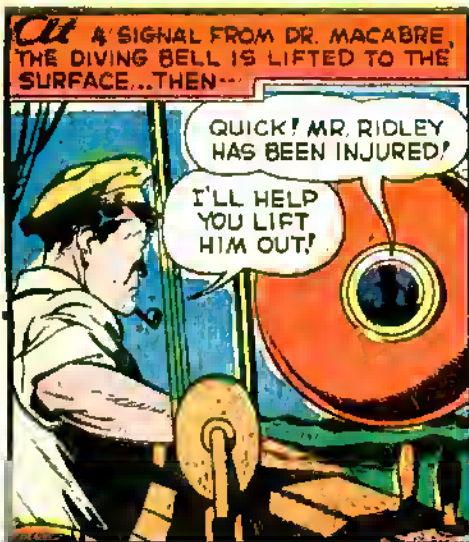
LIKE THIS,
RIDLEY?

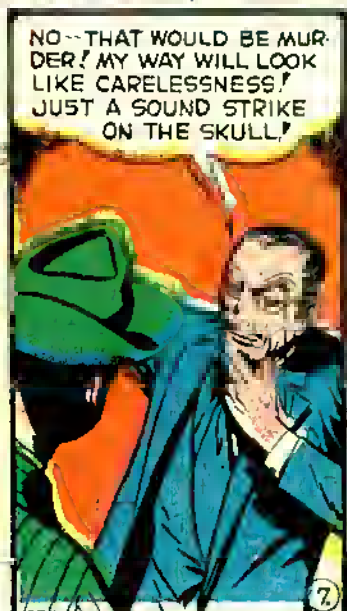
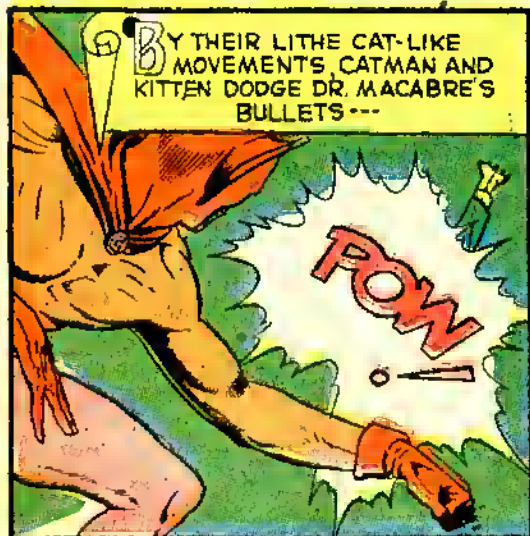
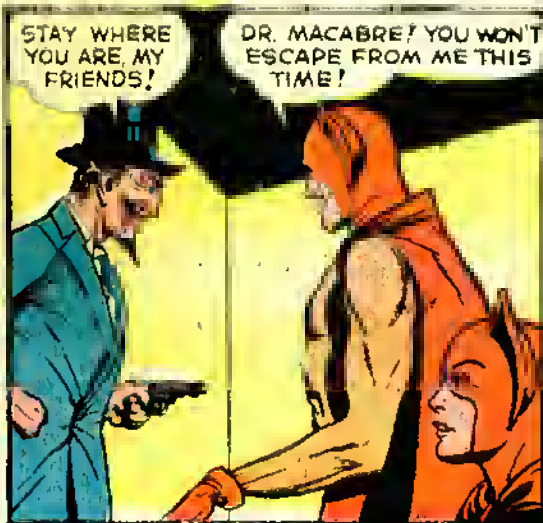
GOOD HEAVENS,
MAN! CLOSE
THAT GATE!
YOU'LL
KILL---

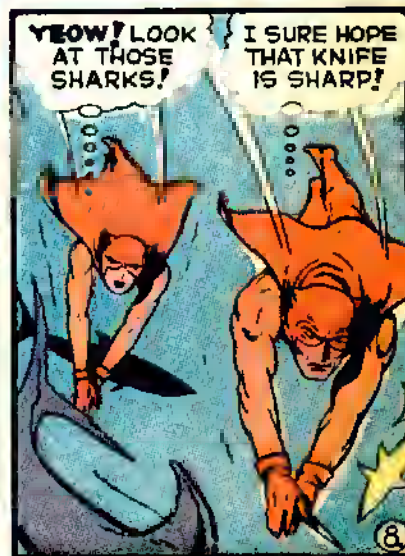
YES, KILLING IS SO
SIMPLE HERE!

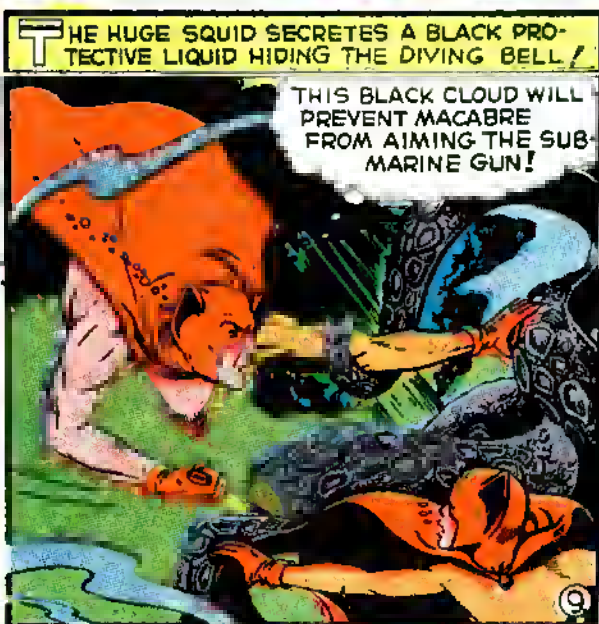
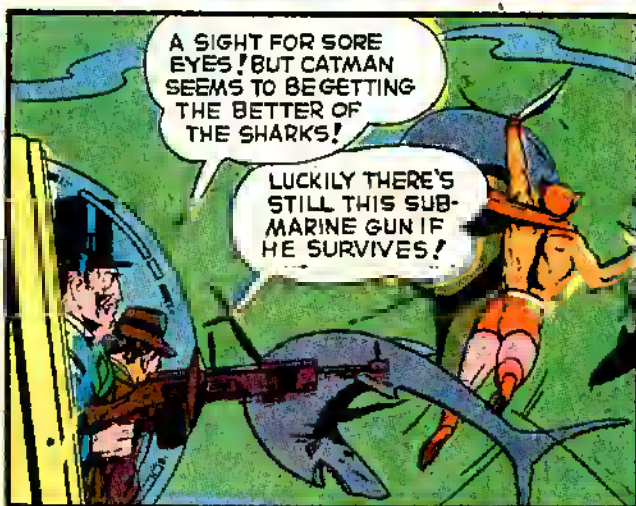
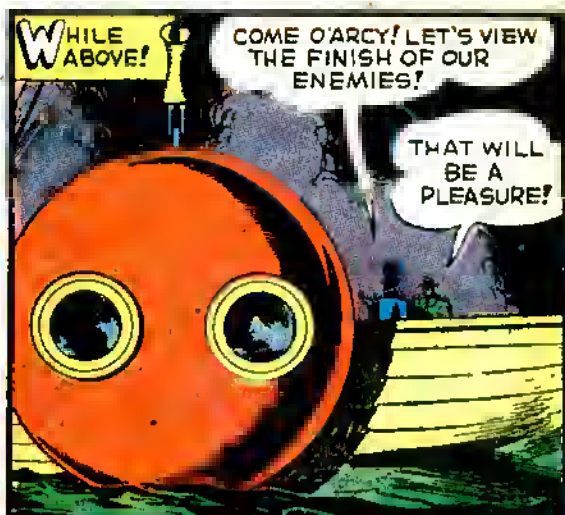
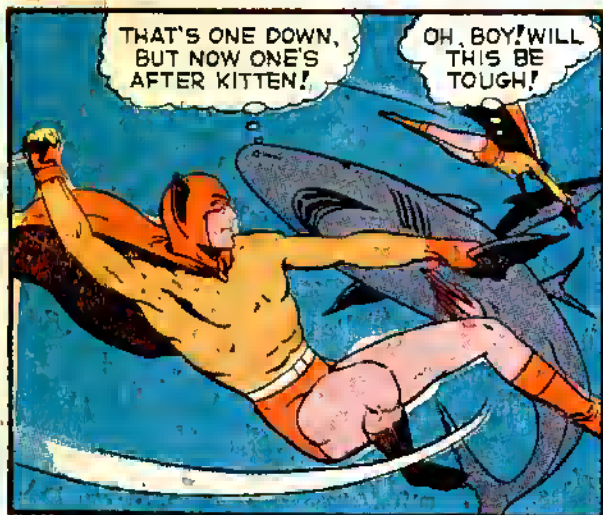
AGH-H-H!

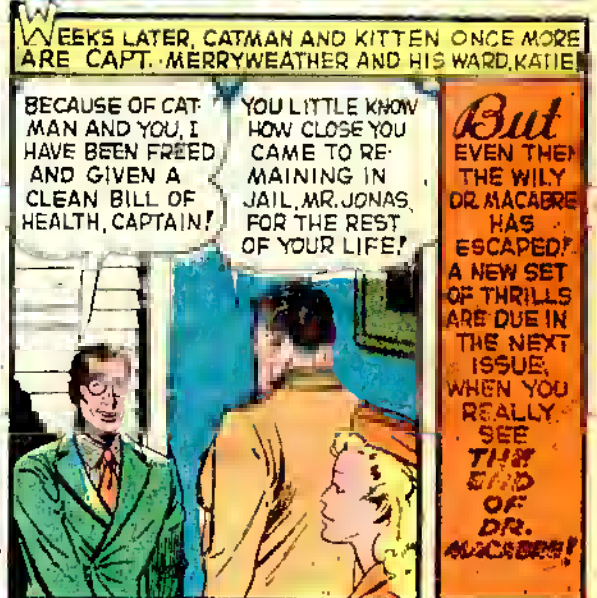
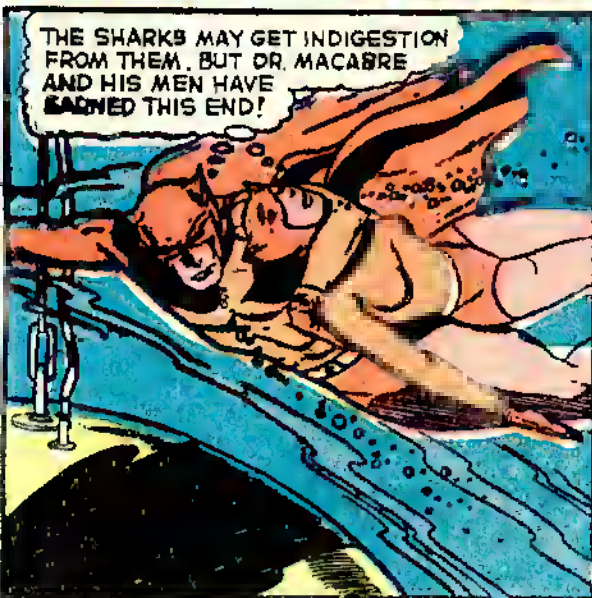
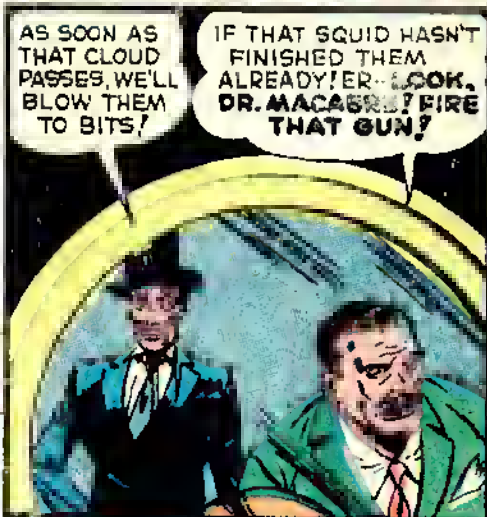
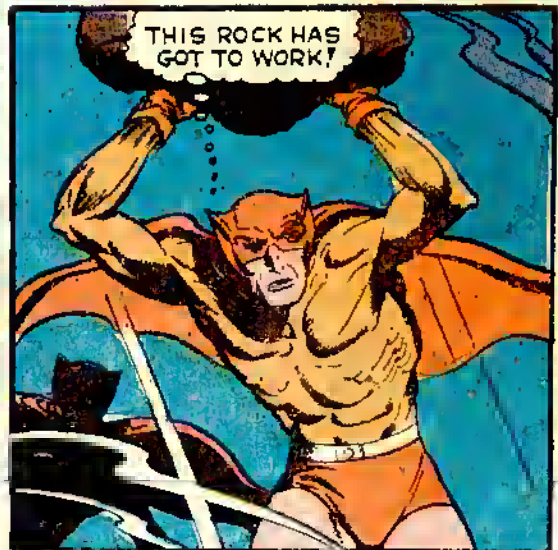
BANG!













IT WAS SAD THAT LANGDON HALE'S BELOVED WIFE WAS A PERMANENT INVALID! "WHAT GOOD MY WEALTH," HE CRIED IN ANGUISH, "WHEN IT BRINGS HER NO HAPPINESS?" DEACON AND MICKEY FELT KEENLY THE SORROW OF THIS MAN AND GAVE GLADLY OF THEIR SERVICES, LITTLE REALIZING A DEVIL WAS PLAGUING NORA HALE--- A DEVIL WITH THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL!

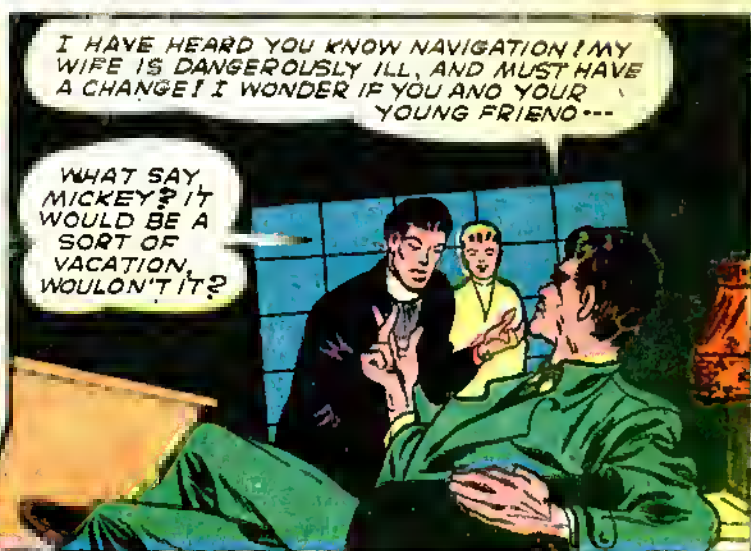


The DEACON and MICKEY

ONE EVENING THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR OF THE DESERTED MARSHLAND CHURCH, WHERE OWELL THE DEACON AND MICKEY...



LANGDON HALE? OUR SIMPLE ABODE IS HUMBLER THAN THA, TO WHICH YOU ARE ACCUSTOMEQ!

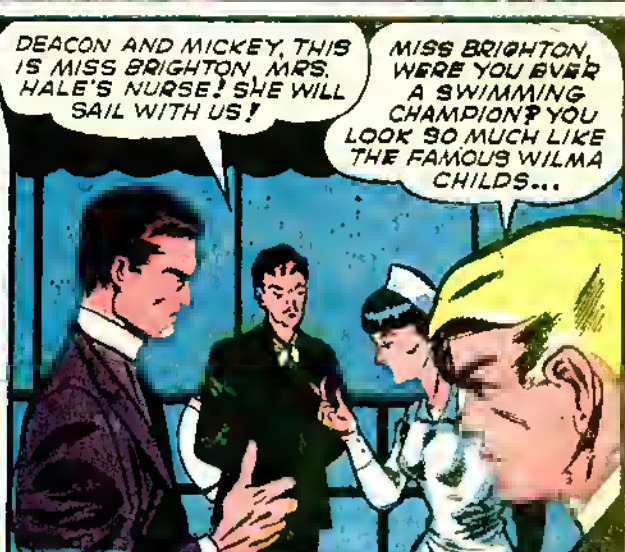


WHAT SAY MICKEY? IT WOULD BE A SORT OF VACATION, WOULDN'T IT?

I HAVE HEARD YOU KNOW NAVIGATION! MY WIFE IS DANGEROUSLY ILL, AND MUST HAVE A CHANGE! I WONDER IF YOU AND YOUR YOUNG FRIEND---

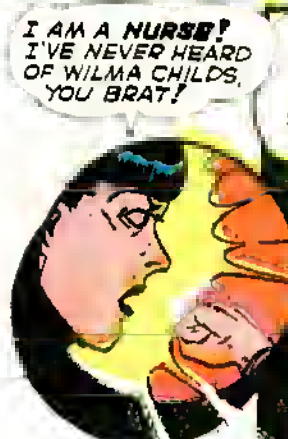


THANK YOU, NURSE! MICKEY AND I WILL CARRY MRS. HALE ABOARD!
I SHALL TRY NOT TO BE A BURDEN!



DEACON AND MICKEY, THIS IS MISS BRIGHTON, MRS. HALE'S NURSE! SHE WILL SAIL WITH US!

MISS BRIGHTON, WERE YOU EVER A SWIMMING CHAMPION? YOU LOOK SO MUCH LIKE THE FAMOUS WILMA CHILDS...



I AM A NURSE! I'VE NEVER HEARD OF WILMA CHILDS, YOU BRAT!

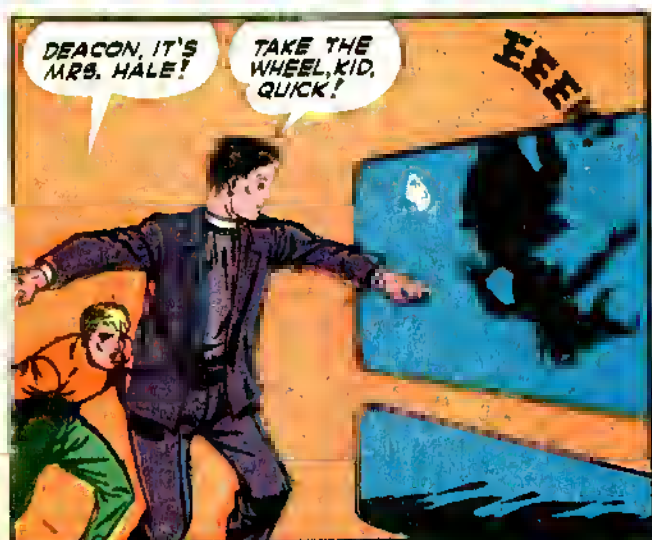
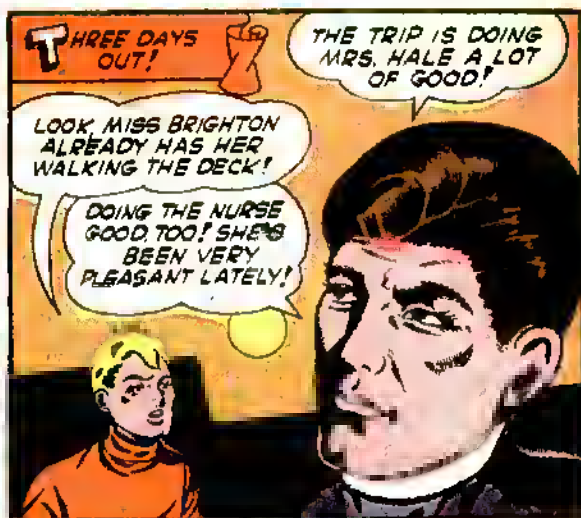
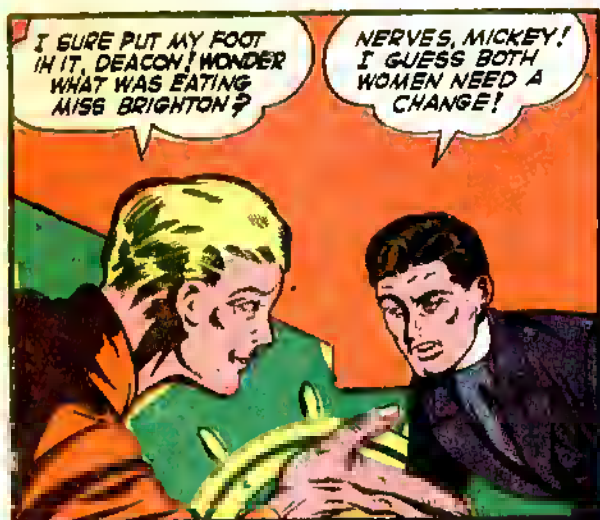


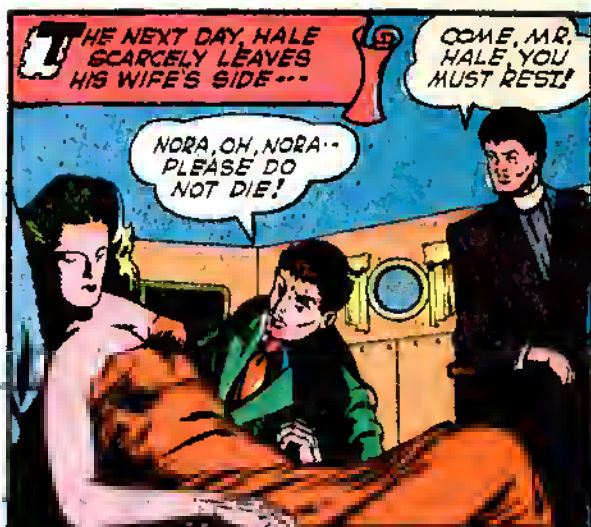
MISS BRIGHTON! PLEASE EXCUSE HER GENTLEMEN! SHE HAS BEEN SERVING MRS. HALE NIGHT AND DAY FOR WEEKS!

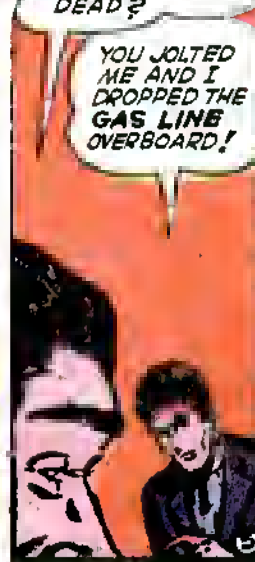
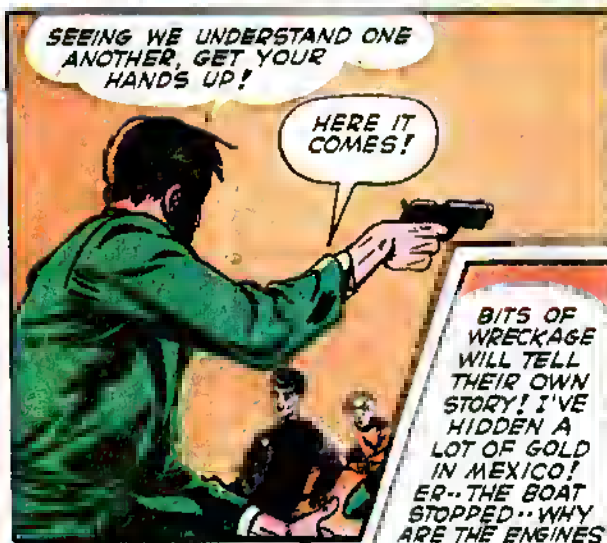
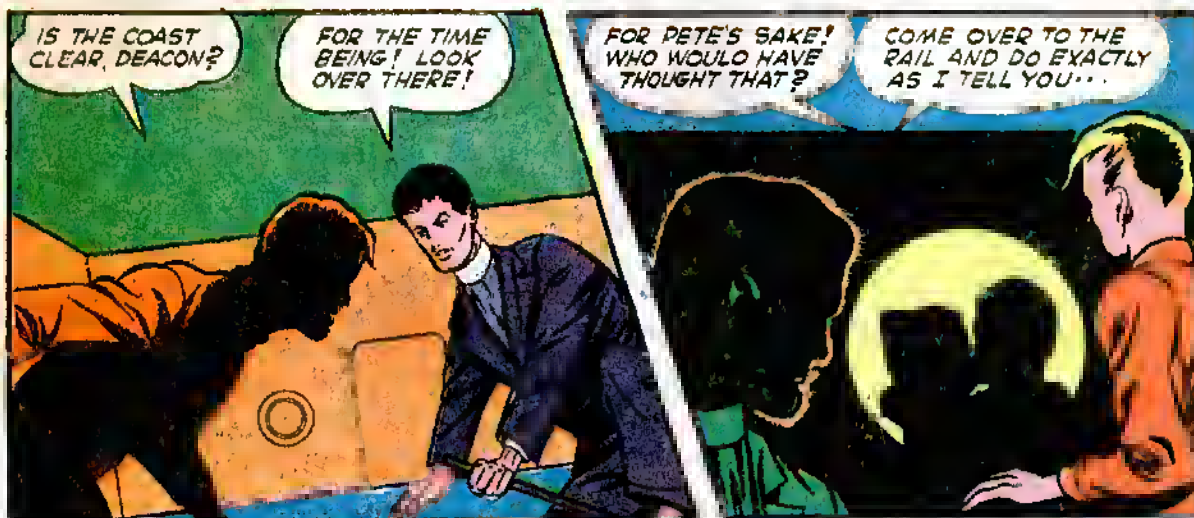


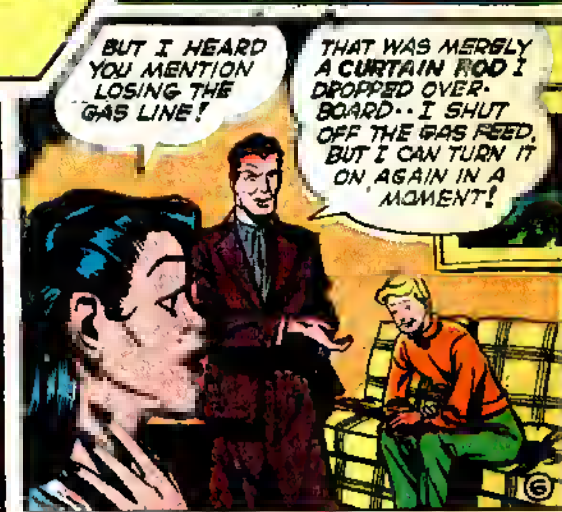
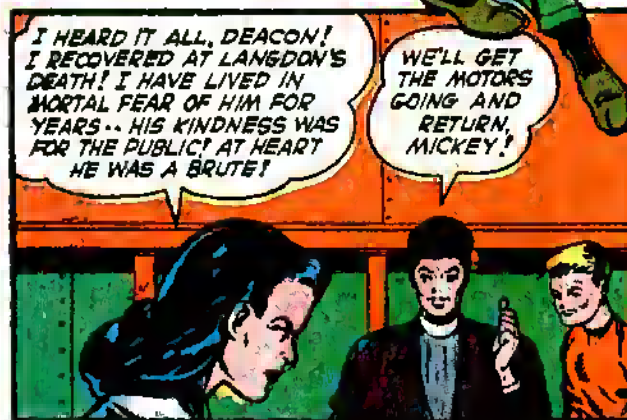
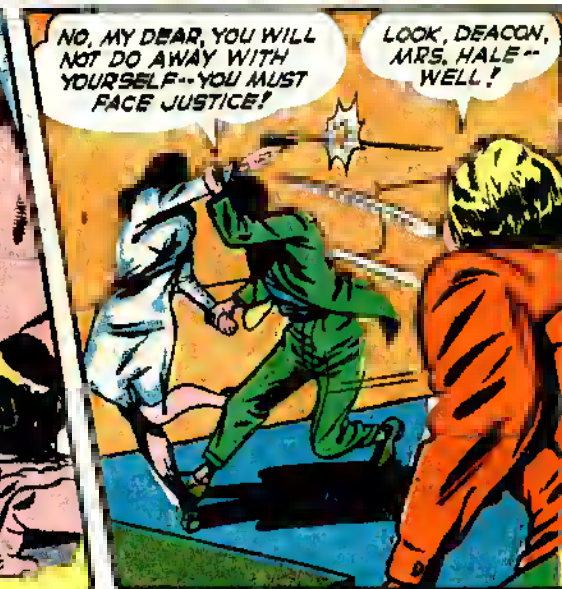
COME-- NORA, DARLING! I'LL CARRY YOU TO THE CABIN!

OH, LANGDON, I DO HOPE I SHALL RECOVER! I AM SUCH A HINDRANCE TO YOU NOW!



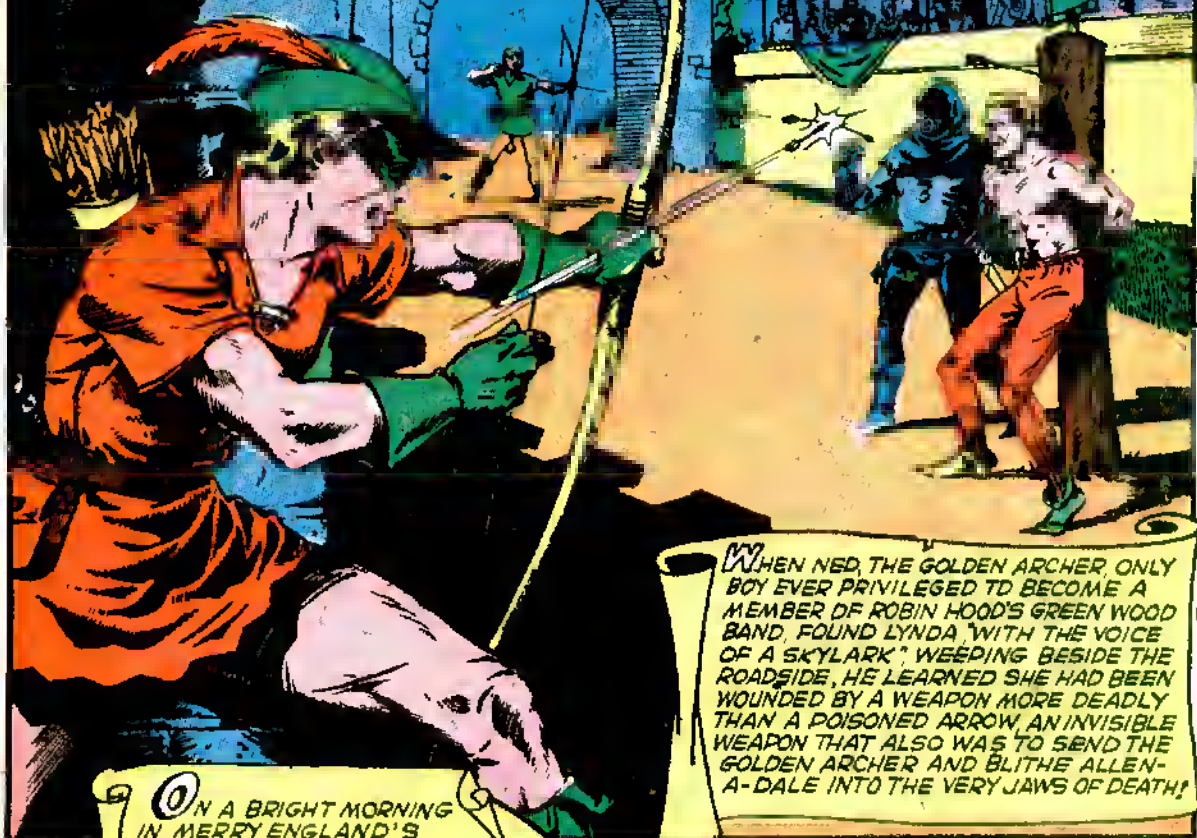






The Golden Archer

in the days of Robin Hood



WHEN NED, THE GOLDEN ARCHER ONLY BOY EVER PRIVILEGED TO BECOME A MEMBER OF ROBIN HOOD'S GREEN WOOD BAND, FOUND LYNDA WITH THE VOICE OF A SKYLARK WEeping BESIDE THE ROADSIDE, HE LEARNED SHE HAD BEEN WOUNDED BY A WEAPON MORE DEADLY THAN A POISONED ARROW, AN INVISIBLE WEAPON THAT ALSO WAS TO SEND THE GOLDEN ARCHER AND BLITHE ALLEN-A-DALE INTO THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH!

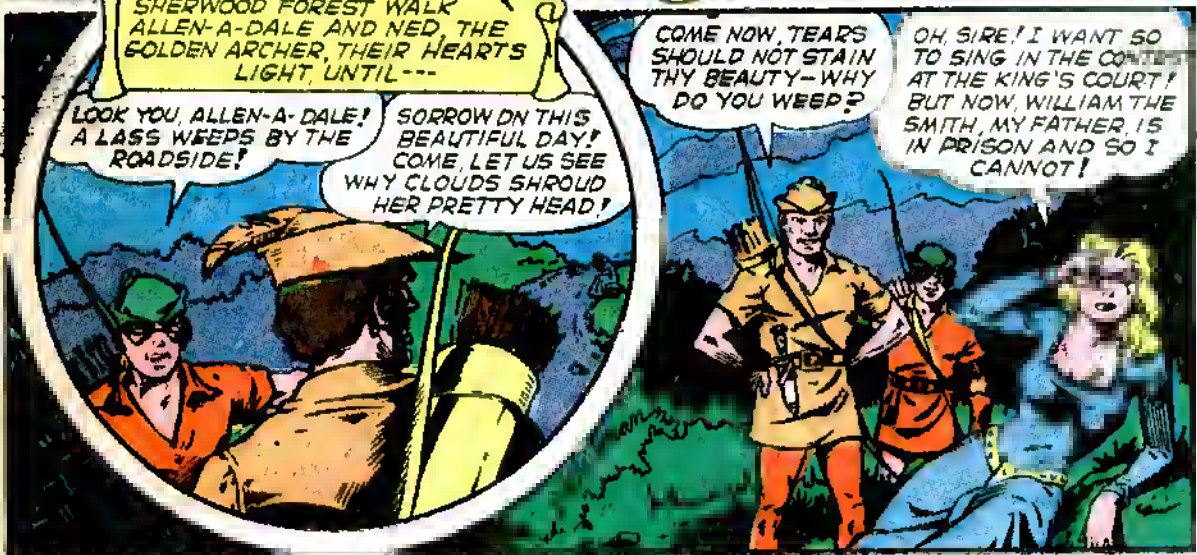
ON A BRIGHT MORNING IN MERRY ENGLAND'S SHERWOOD FOREST WALK ALLEN-A-DALE AND NED, THE GOLDEN ARCHER, THEIR HEARTS LIGHT, UNTIL---

LOOK YOU, ALLEN-A-DALE! A LASS WEEPS BY THE ROADSIDE!

SORROW ON THIS BEAUTIFUL DAY! COME, LET US SEE WHY CLOUDS SHROUD HER PRETTY HEAD!

COME NOW, TEARS SHOULD NOT STAIN THY BEAUTY--WHY DO YOU WEEP?

OH, SIRE! I WANT SO TO SING IN THE COURT AT THE KING'S COURT! BUT NOW, WILLIAM THE SMITH, MY FATHER, IS IN PRISON AND SO I CANNOT!

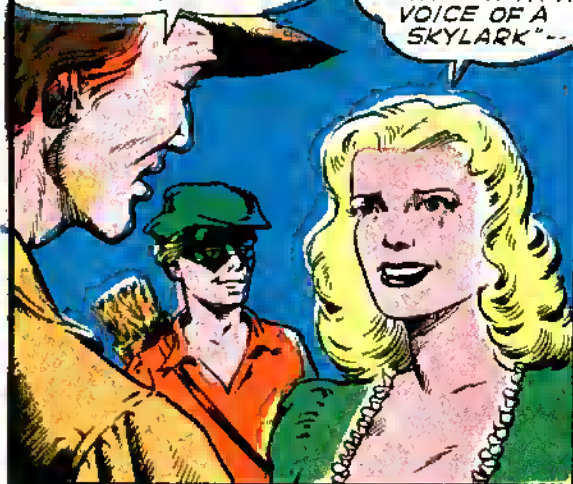


METHINKS EVIL WORDS HAVE BROUGHT EVIL--TELL US NOW, FOR SONGS COME FROM LIGHT HEARTS!

ALL MY LIFE IN THE TOWN I HAVE BEEN CALLED "LYNDA WITH THE VOICE OF A SKYLARK"--

"THEN ONE DAY I HEARD THE TOWN CRIER ---"

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! AT THE COURT OF OUR GRACIOUS KING HENRY, A CONTEST FOR SINGING! WHO WINS YE CONTEST SHALL BE HIRED TO SING AT COURT!



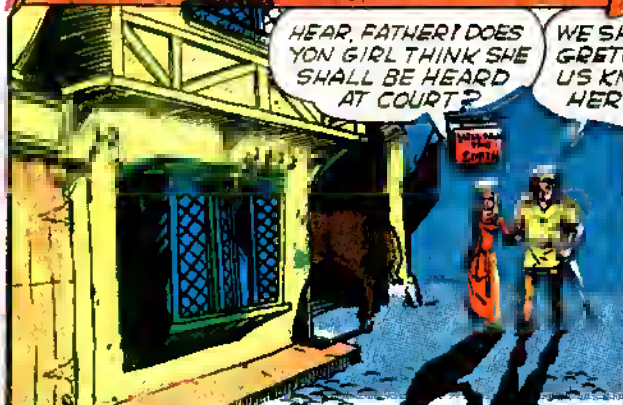
"I HURRIED HOME AND BEGAN SINGING EVERY DAY TO PREPARE FOR THE CONTEST--THEN ONE DAY, GRETCHEN, DAUGHTER OF THE SHERIFF'S JAILER, HEARD ME ---"

HEAR, FATHER! DOES YON GIRL THINK SHE SHALL BE HEARD AT COURT?

WE SHALL SEE, GRETCHEN, LET US KNOCK AT HER DOOR!

AH, MY CHILD, PRAY TELL ME WHY YE WASTE GOLDEN NOTES UPON THE EMPTY AIR?

THANK YOU, MY LORD, I MAKE READY HOPEFULLY TO SING AT THE KING'S COURT!



WHO IS THIS PEASANT WHO THINKS TO SING BEFORE THE KING, FATHER?

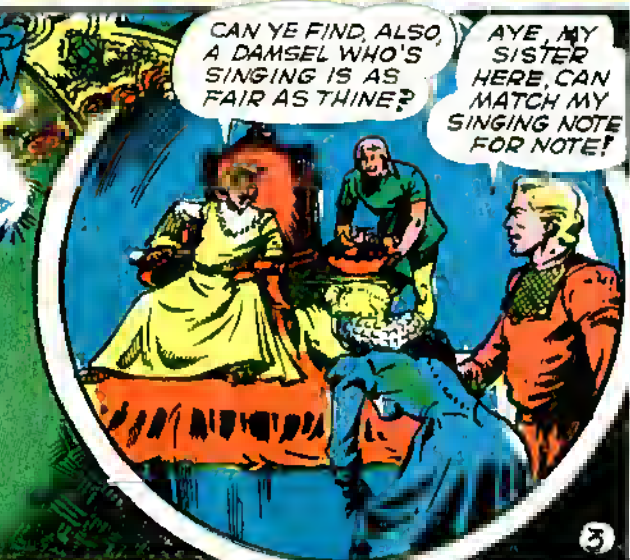
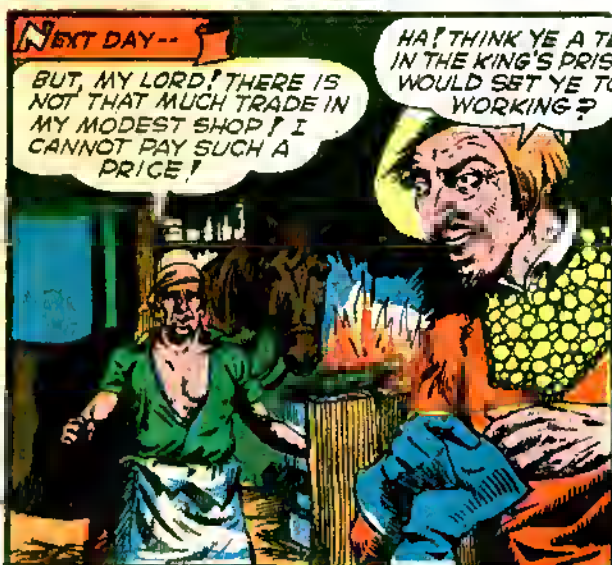
FEAR NOT, GRETCHEN, KNOW YE NOT THAT AS THE SHERIFF'S JAILER I HAVE POWER AND INFLUENCE? YON LASS SHALL NOT SING!

INDEED THE JAILER IS A MAN OF INFLUENCE--OFT HE HAD FAVORED THE TAX ASSESSOR AND COULD NOT CLAIM RETURN IN KIND.

AND THINK YE WILLIAM THE SMITH PAYS ENOUGH TAXES FOR THE KING'S GOOD, MY FRIEND?

A NOBLE SENTIMENT, GOOD JAILER! METHINKS I SHOULD APPROACH HIM?



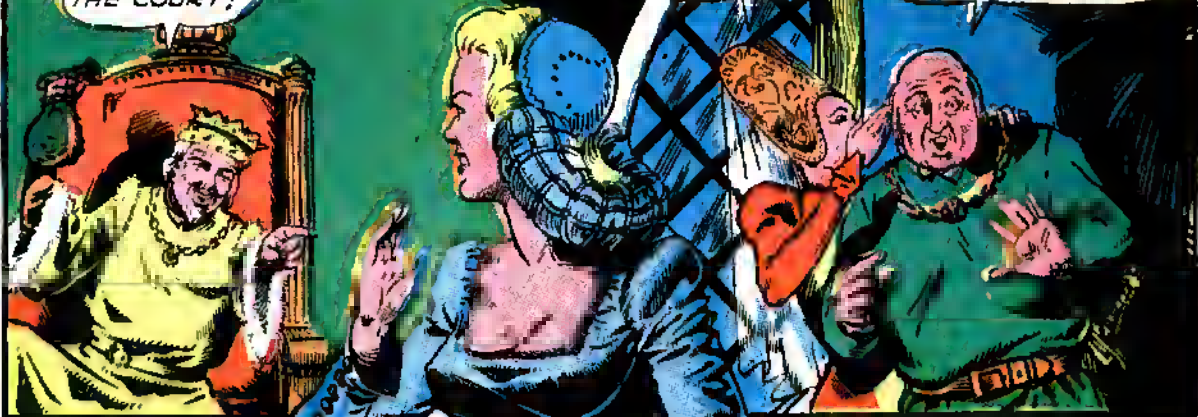


LYNDA FINISHES HER SONG...

THE PRIZE IS WON!
YON FAIR DAMSEL
SHALL SING IN
THE COURT!

REMEMBER YOU THAT
SONG, FATHER! IS THAT
NOT THE VOICE OF THE
DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM
THE SMITH!

AYE, AND IT IS THAT!
METHINKS A WORD IN
THE KING'S EAR WILL
PLACE YON PRIZE IN
YOUR HANDS, GRETCHEN!



WAIT, SIRE! MY
GREAT KING HAS
BEEN DECEIVED!
THIS LASS IS THE
DAUGHTER OF A
SMITH WHO HAS
DEFRAUDED YE
OF TAXES!

OH,
ALLEN!

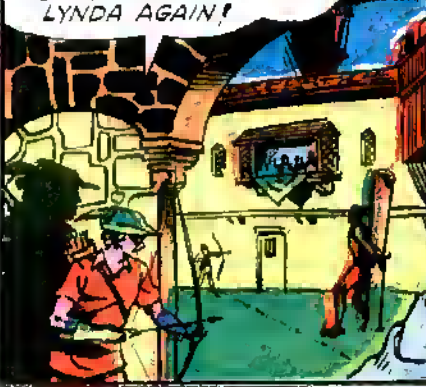
SHE SAYS THE WORD
ALLEN! BY MY TROTH,
SIRE, AS I LIVE IT
IS THAT SCOUNDREL
ALLEN-A-DALE
OF THE COWARDLY
BAND OF **ROBIN
HOOD!**

IF SUCH BE
THE DECEIT,
THEY SHALL
DIE BY THE
LONG BOW!

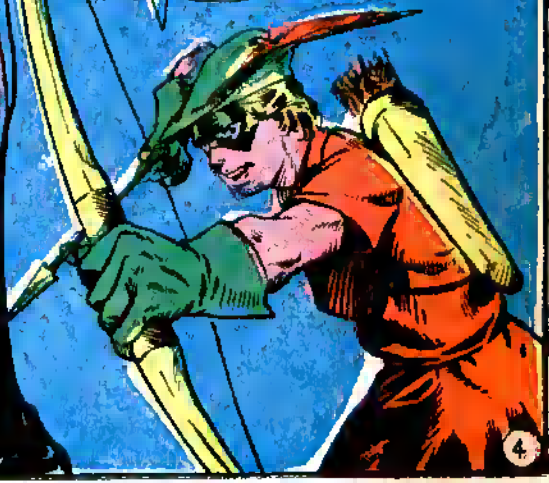


ALLEN-A-DALE IS IDENTIFIED
AND TAKEN TO THE PRISON
YARD - THE EXECUTION IS
ORDERED...

I MUST ACT FAST IF I
WOULD SEE ALLEN AND
LYNDA AGAIN!



THIS ARROW MUST
NOT MISS!



WITH A COOL EYE AND FEARLESS HAND THE GOLDEN ARCHER SPEEDS HIS ARROW!

BY MY TROTH I'VE NEVER SEEN THE LIKE! I MUST KNOW MORE OF THESE STRANGERS ERE I CAUSE THEIR DEATHS!

SNAP!

CRACK!

BY THE KING'S ORDERS, THE THREE ARE THROWN INTO PRISON!

WHAT HAS IT DONE YE NED TO SHOOT YON ARROW BUT TO BRING YOU TO YOUR OWN DEATH?

TIME OFT CHANGES MANY THINGS, ALLEN-- BUT LISTEN, SOME-ONE APPRDACHES!

THE KING!

SUCH VALOR AS I HAVE SEEN TODAY CANNOT BE PUNISHED! I HEREBY ORDER THEE FREE!

GO YE ALLEN-A-DALE AND GOLDEN ARCHER! WOULD THERE WERE MORE IN ENGLAND SUCH AS YE AND YOUR GALLANT LEADER, ROBIN HOOD!

BUT YOU, MY LASS, MUST STAY IN THE KING'S COURT! HERE YE HAVE THE PRIZE! LET THY FATHER PAY HIS WAY FREE WITH IT!

OH, SIRE! BLESS THEE AND ALLEN AND GOLDEN ARCHER!

AND BACK TO THE FOREST WALK ALLEN-A-DALE AND THE GOLDEN ARCHER ANOTHER ADVENTURE PASSED!

AYE, NED YE AIMED WELL WITH THY LONG BOW AND THY WITS!

YEA, BUT WE ALL FORGOT A SECRET WEAPON, ALLEN, A SELFISH WOMAN'S JEALOUSY!

THE END

SIGNED UP FOR MURDER

Detective Sam Tabor knew Nicholas Varoff from past experience. The erratic millionaire was always pestering the city police department with requests for their services, but this one was the payoff. Tabor grinned inwardly with satisfaction as he thought of the long term of acting as bodyguard to the well-known eccentric.

Nicholas Varoff did have reason to want protection. The papers had just announced that Oscar Sten had been released from prison after a five-year stretch. It had been Varoff, who had had Sten sent to prison. Sten had been Varoff's bookkeeper and had robbed his employer of forty thousand dollars.

Tabor stepped into the automatic elevator of the modest apartment building. He thought to himself that a guy with Varoff's dough would be living in something swank. But that was like the old tightwad, to rent quarters for a hundred a month. It was the same sort of stinginess that made Varoff keep his money hidden about his dwelling instead of keeping it in banks.

The detective was admitted by a white-coated butler, a young man, handsome, but now tight-lipped, his bronzed face drawn of its color.

"You're too late," the butler said. "Mr. Varoff is dead."

Tabor gasped and followed the butler into the library. The servant pointed to Varoff's body on the floor near the heavy walnut table.

"Exactly as I found him," he told Tabor.

There was a hole in Varoff's forehead as big as a dime. The eyes were open and glassy. The face was contorted still as if Varoff had been taken by surprise. The dead left hand clutched a piece of paper. A pen lay on the floor. Wet ink from an overturned inkstand had run from the table to the rug. Tabor knelt and opened the palm, removed the paper. Scrawled, as if written in the last convulsions of a dying man was the word, "Sten."

Tabor breathed outwardly through his nostrils. He folded the piece of paper, put it into his vest pocket. From his coat he drew a small notebook.

"I'll have to make a report of this," he said to the butler. "What is your name?"

"Borden," the butler said. "Charles Borden. You see, I also do the cooking. Shopping took me almost all afternoon. On returning I entered the library and found Mr. Varoff's body. I phoned headquarters, but learned you were already on your way over."

"I'll have to look around the apartment," said Tabor. "And first I'm going to search your room."

Borden's eyes narrowed. "You don't think I—" Then led Tabor down the hall. At a door opposite the kitchen he stopped and drew a key from his pocket.

"I always lock the door," he said. "I've only been with Mr. Varoff a week and I suspect him of looking through my things. He seemed a very suspicious man."

Tabor entered first. As the detective crossed the threshold he turned about suddenly. Borden's hand was in the pocket of his coat. Tabor stepped to one side instinctively. The blast through Borden's pocket shook the walls and cut a big hole in the plaster.

Tabor drew his service automatic, but Borden grabbed the door and slammed it shut in Tabor's face. Tabor blasted the lock and heard Borden cry out beyond the partition. When he swung the door open, Borden's hand was bleeding.

Borden snarled as he fired a second shot, this time striking Tabor's gun, knocking it from the detective's hand. Tabor side-stepped and grabbed Borden's arm. He drew back his right and let it go. His fist caught Borden on the chin and he went down.

When Borden came to, Tabor said, "The wagon's on the way, Borden. I figured your door'd be locked because I was pretty sure Varoff's money was hidden here. And I figured you'd stolen his dough after you learned Varoff was afraid of Sten. You saw a chance to frame Sten for murder." Tabor grinned. "Because, Borden, you didn't know when you faked that note, that Varoff, although a millionaire, had never learned to read or write. He even signed his own name with an 'X'."



HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF
FLAGGING THIS TRAIN DOWN?
I'M BEHIND MY SCHEDULE
AS IT IS!

SORRY, CHIEF, BUT I HAD TO--THERE ARE
FLOODS UP AHEAD--IT'S TOO DANGEROUS
TO GO ON! CENTRAL DISPATCH PHONED
TO STOP YOU AND GET THE PASSENGERS
OFF THE TRAIN! THEY MUST LEAVE FOR
THEIR OWN SAFETY!

The WAR HAS ENDED AND FROM
ALL OVER THE WORLD THE FIGHTING
MEN OF AMERICA ARE RETURNING TO A
NEW LIFE...OUR STORY OPENS ABOARD
A TRAIN CARRYING, AMONG ITS PASSENGERS,
THREE DISCHARGED SERVICEMEN!
THE CRACK CROSS-COUNTRY EXPRESS
TEARS THROUGH THE NIGHT----IT'S
WHISTLE SCREAMS A DEFIANT CHALLENGE
TO THE ELEMENT... SUDDENLY
THE BLAZING HEADLIGHT PICKS OUT
A LONE FIGURE ON THE TRACKS--
SIGNALLING DESPERATELY...



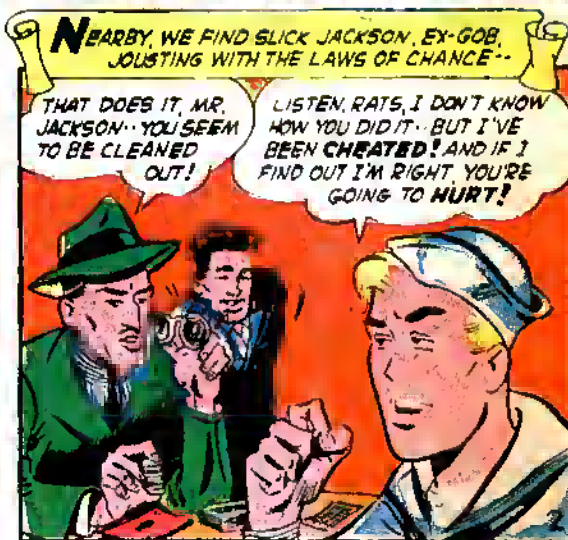
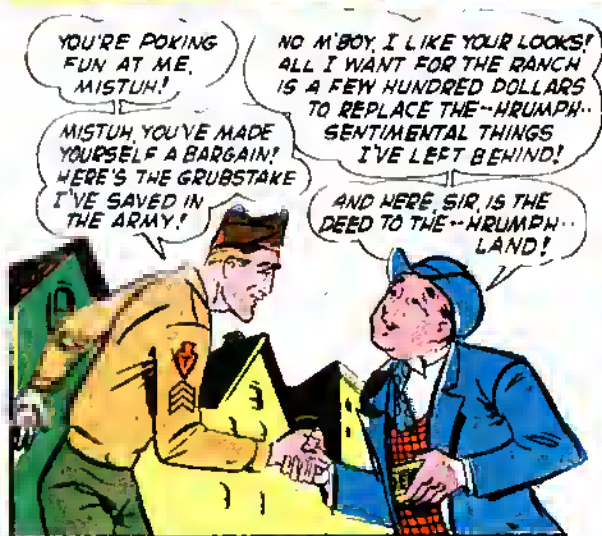
And SO THE NEWS IS PASSED ON--

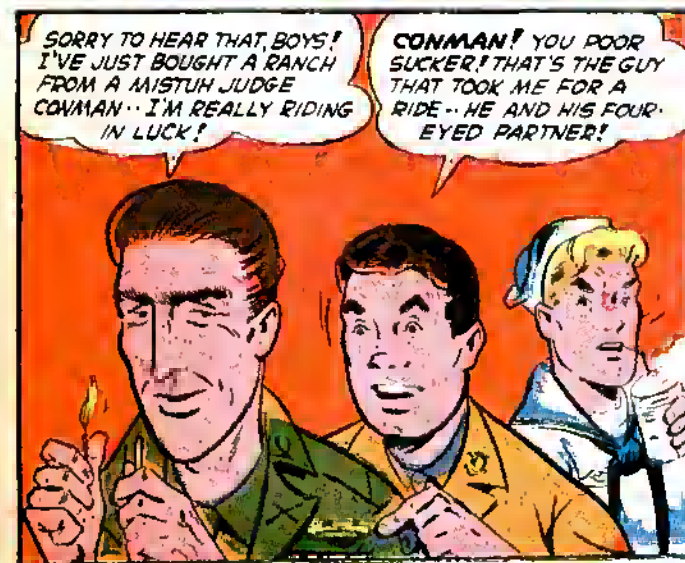
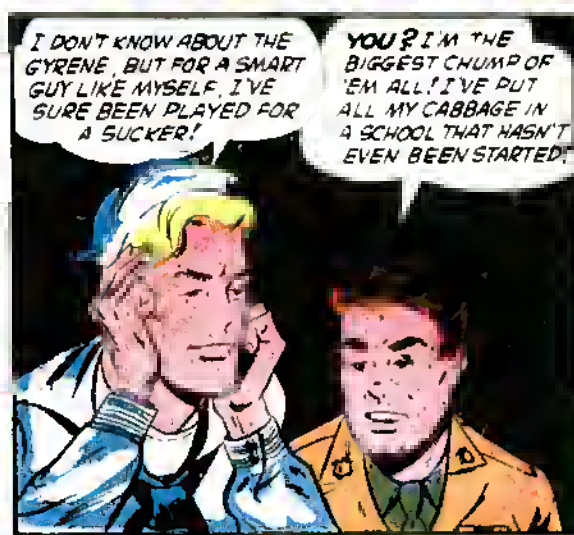
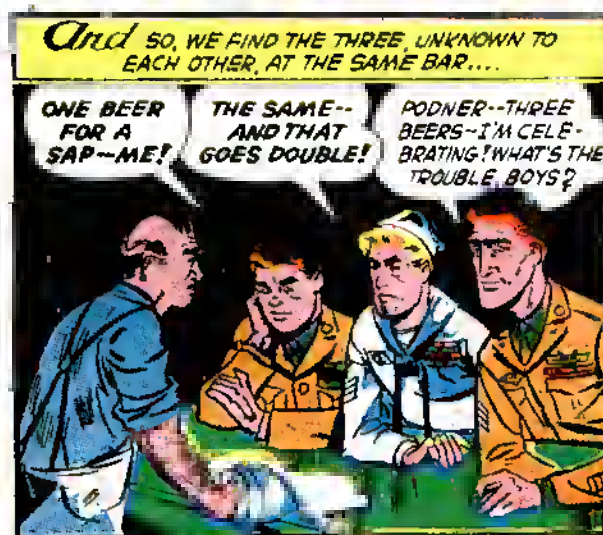
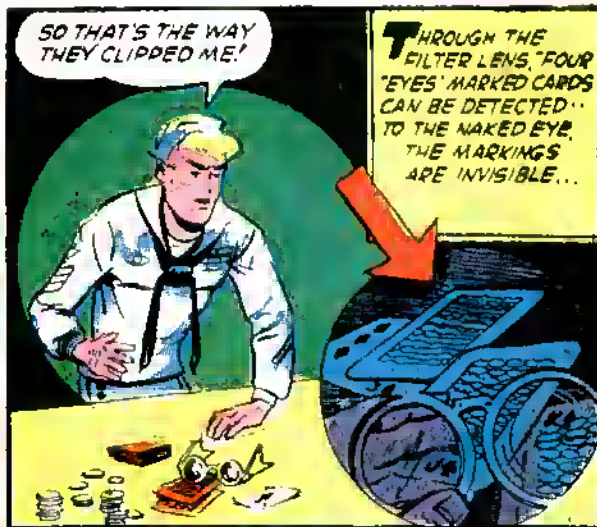
SORRY, FOLKS, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE TRAIN!
THERE WILL BE A DELAY DUE TO FLOOD, BUT WE WILL
PROVIDE ACCOMMODATIONS UNTIL WE CAN CONTINUE!

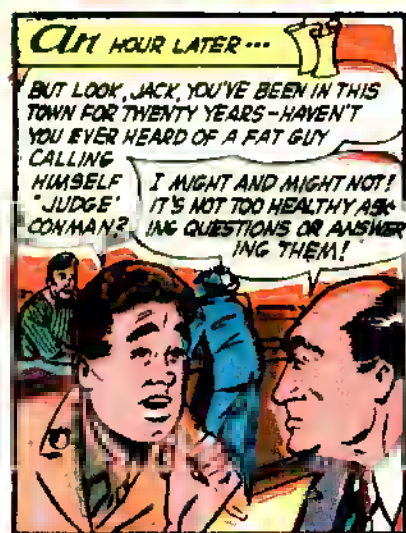
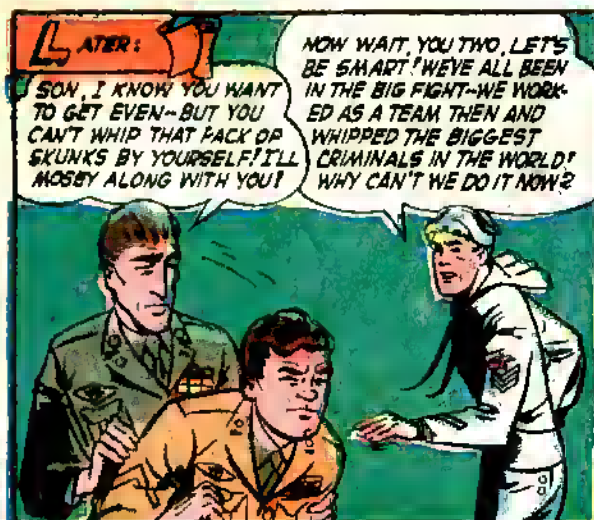


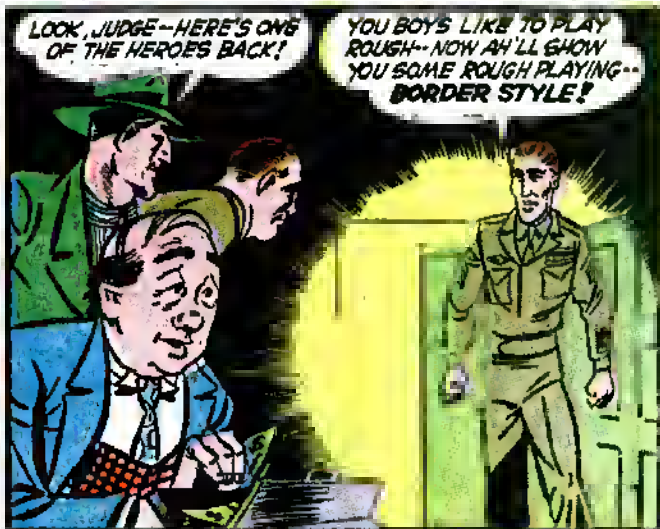
*S*TRANGERS ALL, THE GROUP OF PASSENGERS
DESCENDS ON ITS TEMPORARY HAVEN! LET'S
FOLLOW ONE OF THEM, SHORTY RUSSO, WHO HAS JUST
BEEN DISCHARGED FROM A FAMED MARINE DIVISION!

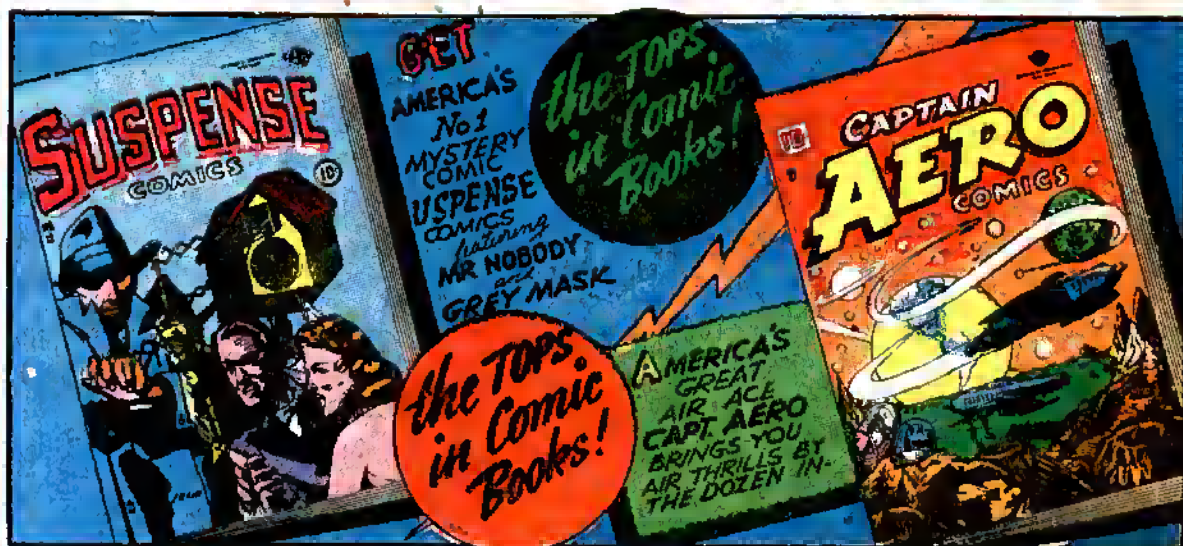












Molly O'Moore

and SCOOP SCANLON



9 MOLLY MOORE, WORLD-STAR REPORTER, NEEDED HELP IN SOLVING A SCIENTIFIC PROBLEM. SHE ASKED A REPORTER ON A RIVAL PAPER...SCOOP SCANLON, WHO, WITHOUT REALIZING IT, HAD WON MOLLY'S HEART. SCOOP WASN'T MUCH HELP TO MOLLY EITHER, BUT HOW CAN A MAN HELP A GAL, WHEN HE'S CAUGHT BETWEEN A MURDER RAP

AND A LOAD OF LEAD FROM GANGSTERS' GUNS?

SCOOP I'VE GOT TO COVER THAT LECTURE ON ATOMIC ENERGY AT THE LYCEUM... I'M DESPERATE... WILL YOU...?

GO WITH YOU AND EXPLAIN THE SCIENTIFIC STUFF? SURE... SEE YOU THERE, MOLLY. HAVE TO GO TO THE BANK

GLAD THIS BANK IS OPEN NIGHTS SO I CAN CASH A CHECK. I'M STRAPPED... ER, HEY, WHAT'S THAT?





VERY INTERESTING!
VERY, VERY,
INTERESTING!



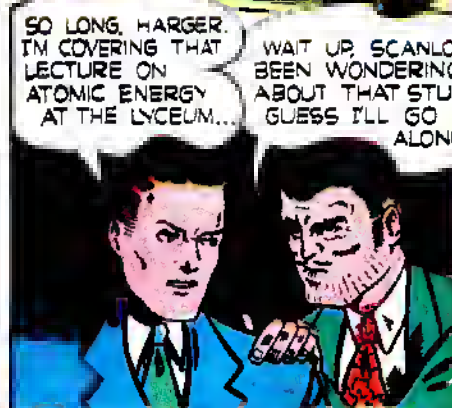
HEY! WHAT'S
THE IDEA?

STAND
ASIDE, WILL
YOU?



WHAT'S THE
MATTER
HARGER?
LOSE SOME-
THING?

ER...OH...
HELLO SCOOP,
DIDNT
RECOGNIZE
YOU! DROPPED
MY WRIST-
WATCH SOME-
WHERE AROUND
HERE.



SO LONG, HARGER.
I'M COVERING THAT
LECTURE ON
ATOMIC ENERGY
AT THE LYCEUM...

WAIT UP SCANLON.
BEEN WONDERING
ABOUT THAT STUFF.
GUESS I'LL GO
ALONG.



LATER
AT
THE
LYCEUM...

WHAT'S SCOOP
DOING HERE WITH
VIKE HARGER,
THE GAMBLER,
AND JUST GIVING
ME A NOD!

AT THE INTERMISSION, BEFORE THE
ACTUAL DEMONSTRATION OF AN
ATOMIC BOMB...



EXCUSE ME A MOMENT,
HARGER. I MUST
SPEAK TO A
FRIEND...

HUH? GOSH, YOU
WAKE ME UP, SCANLON.
SURE, GO
AHEAD...



THANKS TO YOU,
SCOOP SCANLON, I'LL
PROBABLY LOSE MY
JOB AFTER THIS
REPORT!



SKIP IT, NOLLY I'M
GOING OUT TO PHONE
JOE FAVOR, THE
POLITICAL BIG SHOT.
SEE YOU LATER
AND LET YOU IN
ON SOMETHING!

THE END OF THE LECTURE...

SCOOP NEVER SHOWED UP!
OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS!
I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM A
PIECE OF MY MIND
RIGHT
NOW!

THAT'S
FUNNY! SCOOP'S
DOOR IS UNLOCKED
...OH !!

JOE FAVOR
MURDERED!
SCOOP! SCOOP!
WHY DID
YOU!

ZZZZZ...
NNNN...

GOOD
JUICE

CAN'T LET THE POLICE
FIND HIM THIS WAY! I'VE
GOT TO GIVE HIM A
CHANCE TO EXPLAIN!
I'LL RISK TAKING
HIM TO MY
APARTMENT...

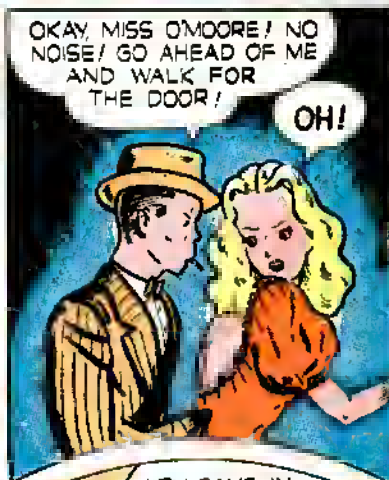
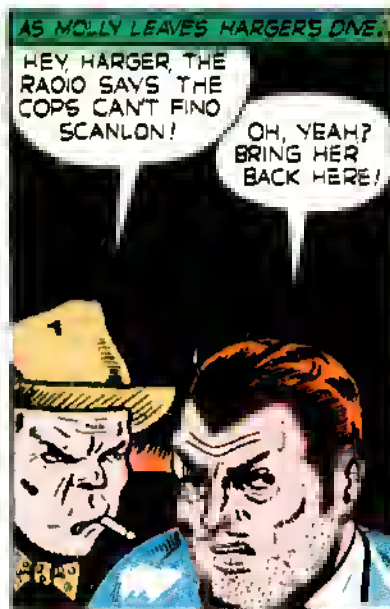
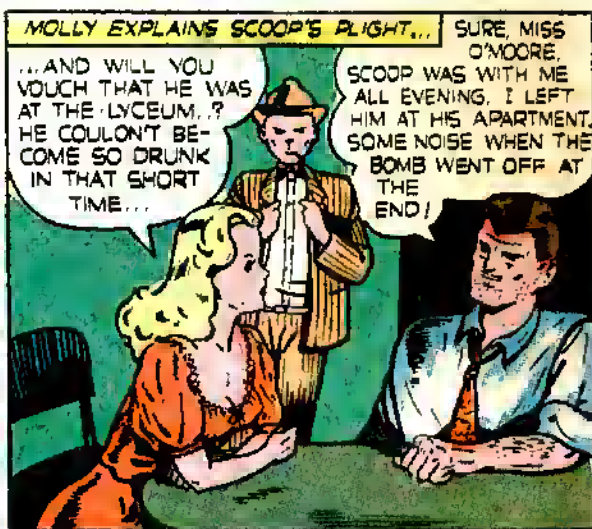
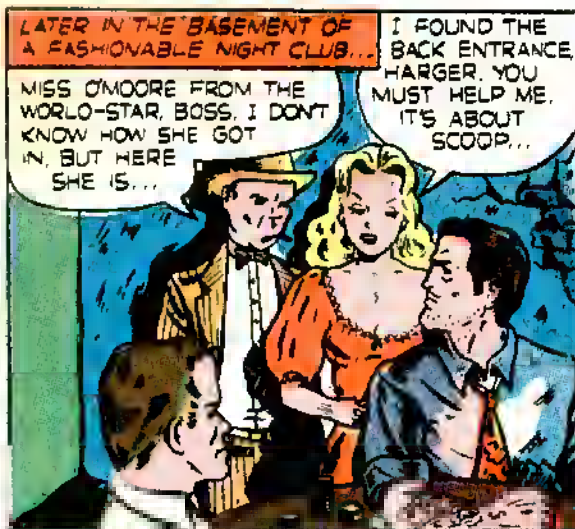
I HAVEN'T BEEN
SEEN! GLAD I FORGOT
TO TURN OFF THE RADIO...
IT WILL COVER UP
SCOOP'S VOICE
WHILE I'M TRYING
TO SOBER
HIM UP!

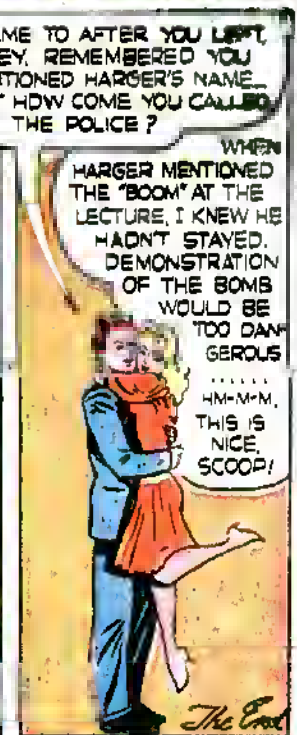
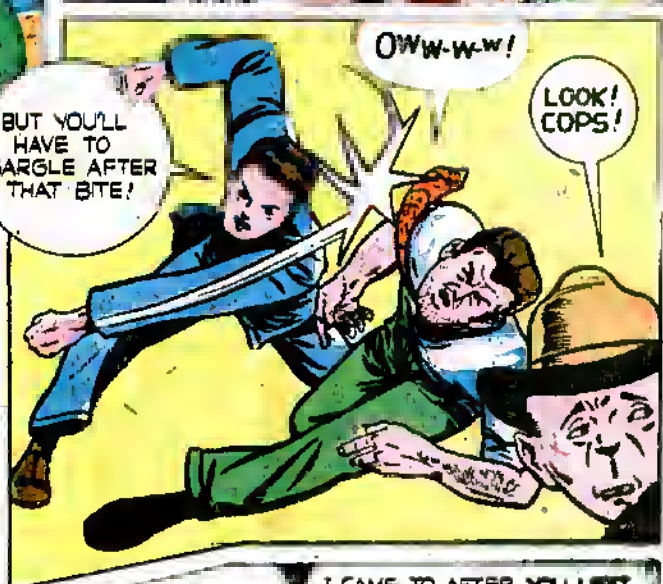
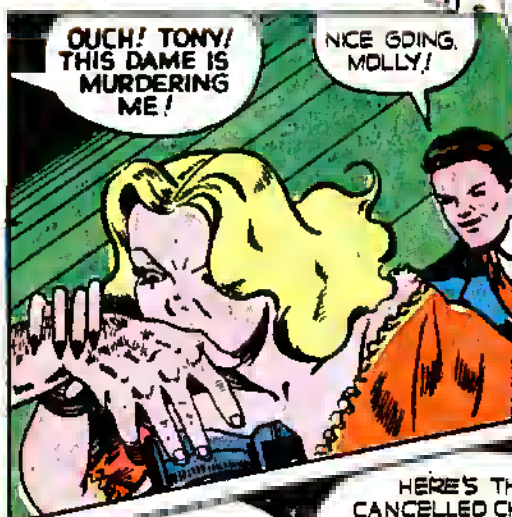
SCOOP! SCOOP!
PLEASE WAKE UP!
OH...THAT
NEWS!

FLASH!
THE BULLET-RIDDED
BODY OF JOE FAVOR,
LOCAL POLITICIAN, WAS
FOUND IN THE APART-
MENT OF SCOOP
SCANLON, REPORTER
FOR THE BLADE.
SCANLON IS
MISSING...

SCOOP! TELL ME
YOU WERE FRAMED!
LISTEN, I'M GOING
TO MIKE HARGER'S
PLACE FOR HIS
HELP...

UH...NNNNN...
...YEAHHN...
HARGRRR...
NNNN...





KILLER'S SWAP

Ike Varne calmly flicked the ashes from his cigarette as Officer Ed Blake walked up to him.

"Come on, Ike," the cop said.

Varne shrugged. "You got me, Blake."

Blake snapped the cuffs on Varne and took him to headquarters. Varne was booked for robbing the North End Jewelry Company. Slight, immaculate, the dapper crook looked as if he might be a stock broker dressed for his club. He smiled wryly.

"You'd better make a statement for the record," Blake told him. "It may go easier for you."

Varne nodded. "It was a routine job and I got careless. For a guy who's served time, you know, it's easy to make a mistake. You birds find the prints—" Varne raised his hands.

Blake said, "We'll have to take your prints all over again, Ike—just for the record."

"Okay," Varne replied.

Blake pressed Varne's digits hard on the wet ink-pad and then placed them on the classification card that lay on the desk. A sour look spread over Varne's face.

"I can never get used to this ink," he said. "How do you cops stand messing with such dirt?"

"It washes off," Blake told him.

The fingerprinting was finished. Varne stepped back, took a pen knife from his pocket and began to clean his nails, dropping the scrapings into a waste basket filled with crumpled paper, scraps.

Blake lifted the waste basket from the floor, handed it to Hennessy, a cop standing nearby. "Empty the basket, will you?" Blake asked. Then turning, he spoke to Varne. "I've got to lock you up, Ike."

Blake entered the cell with Varne and sat down beside him on the cot.

"Is there any more you want to say, Ike?" he asked.

"You guys make me sick," Varne snarled. "You got me locked up. I confessed the robbery. What more do you want?"

"Just wondering," said Blake, "if you'd seen Joe Bloom recently. You know he used to give

you a lot of competition. Remember? Sometimes he beat you to a good job."

Varne stared at Blake, asked, "What's the idea?"

"Thought you might like to know he's dead. Murdered." He waited a moment, then added, "He was dumped into the river, but the tide's strong there and the rope slipped off the rock."

Varne, without warping, made a lunge at Blake, but Blake sprang away. It was then Blake realized Varne had slipped Blake's service gun from its holster. Out of the corner of his eye Blake saw Hennessy approaching down the corridor.

Varne saw Hennessy, too, and fired. Hennessy went down. Varne swung on Blake. Blake tried to dodge, but Varne's gun blazed. A bullet seared Blake's side.

Ed Blake dove forward, caught the gun with an upward sweep of his arm. Varne snorted with rage, raised his knee into Blake's mid-section. Blake drew his breath a moment, then sent a right crashing to the crook's jaw. The little crook dropped limply to the cell floor.

Hennessy was not seriously wounded. He nodded to Blake. "Your hunch was okay," he said. "It was Varne, all right." Varne was coming to. He rose to his feet, fighting mad.

"You and your fingerprinting, Blake! What can you prove about me? Can you prove I killed Joe Bloom, huh? You just drove me nuts with questions! That's why I pulled the gun! You drove me nuts! It's duress!"

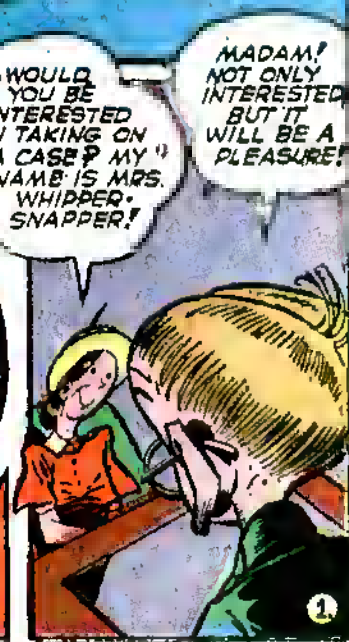
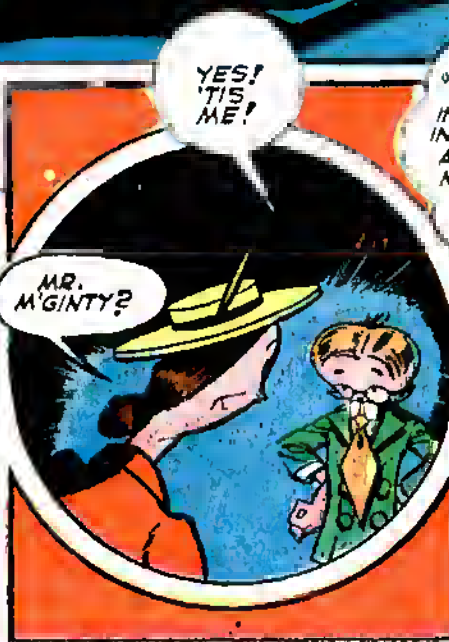
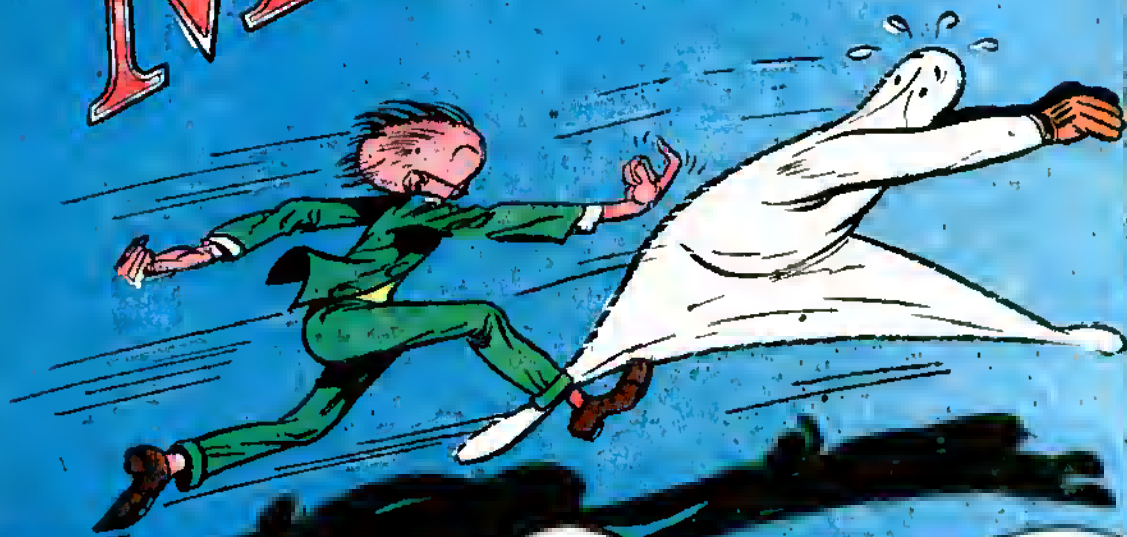
Blake grinned. "Fingerprints, Ike? Who cares about them. We wanted the scrapings off your nails. You see, under a microscope they show some of Bloom's skin—scraped from his face when you killed him!"

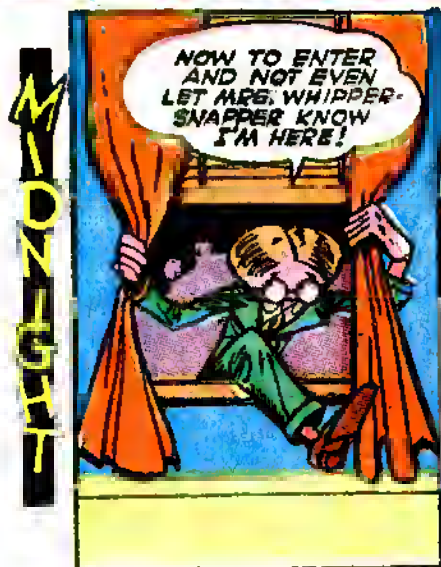
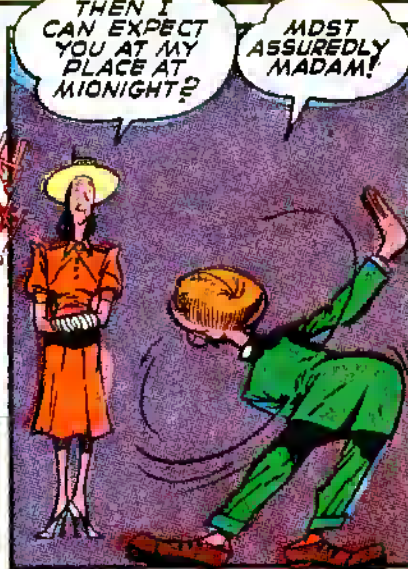
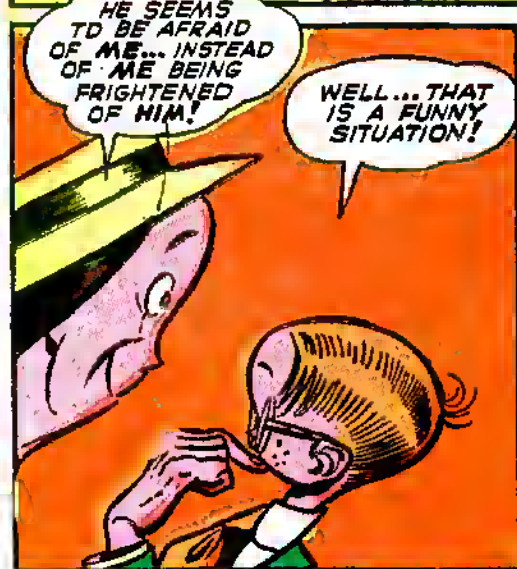
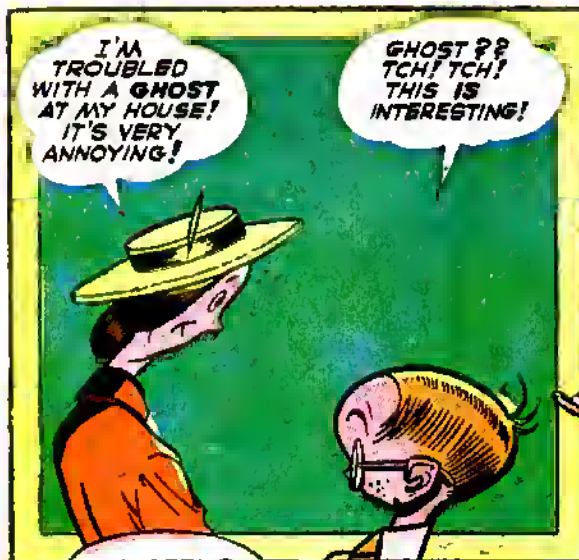
Varne gasped.

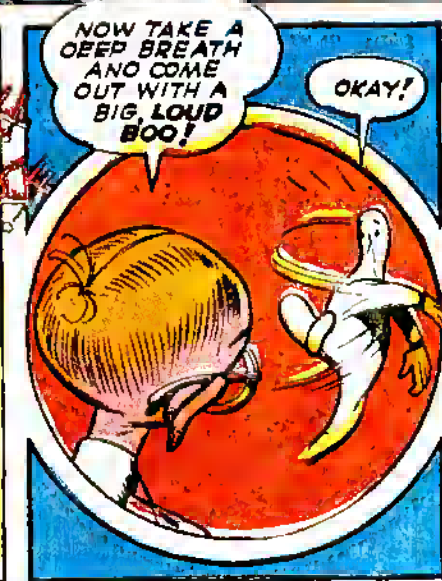
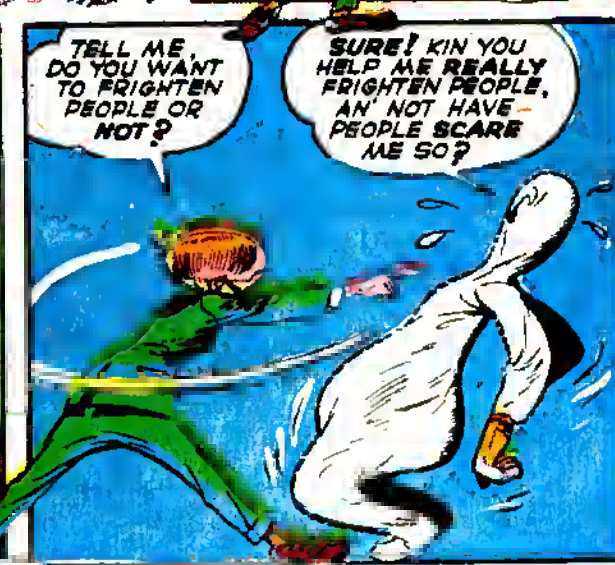
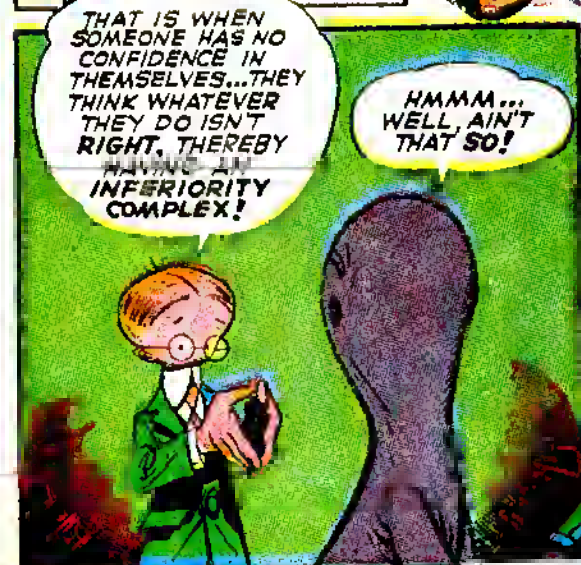
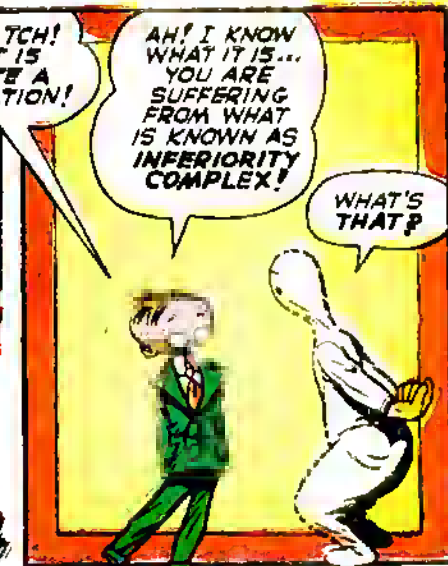
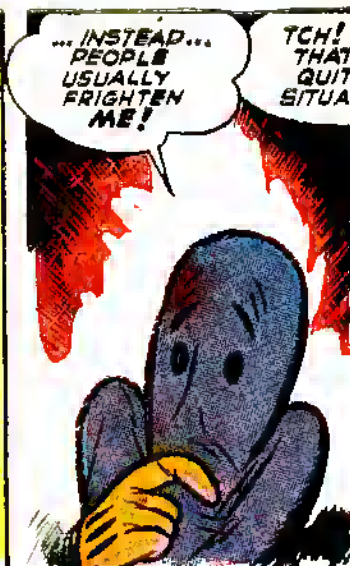
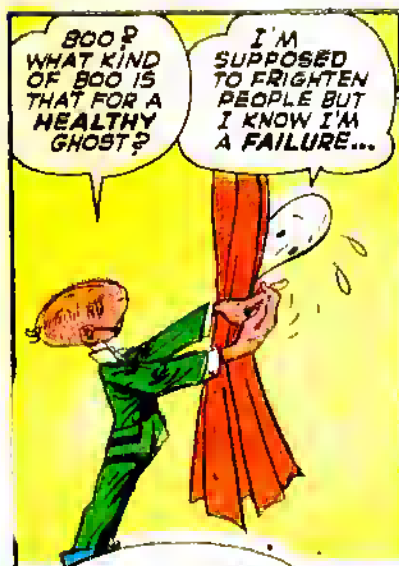
"If Bloom's body had stayed under water long enough," Blake went on, "the time element would have saved your neck. With you in jail for robbery, nobody could put a finger on you definitely. But—" Blake closed the cell door as he stepped out into the corridor. "By such tricks of fate are murderers saved from long prison terms in favor of short terms in the electric chair."

THE LITTLE FELLOW WITH THE SUPER-DUPER BRAINS... ENOUGH INTELLIGENCE TO FILL THE HEADS OF TEN MEN.... HE'S SO SMART HE SOMETIMES OUTSMARTS HIMSELF... WHEN HE KNOCKS HIS HEAD WITH HIS KNUCKLES, BE CAREFUL... IT'S A BRAIN STORM COMING.... THAT, MY DEAR READER, IS.....

mastermind M'GINTY







BOO!



WHY YOU
EVEN SCAREO
THE DICKENS
OUTA' ME!

I DID? I
REALLY
FRIGHTENEO
YOU?

WELL!
THAT'S
SOMETHING!
NOW YOU'RE
GETTING
SOMEWHERE!
TRY AGAIN!

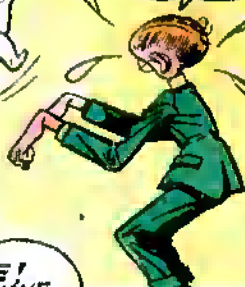


SURE! THERE'S
NOTHIN' WRONG
WITH YOU...
YOU'VE BEEN
SUFFERING
FROM BOO
TROUBLE!

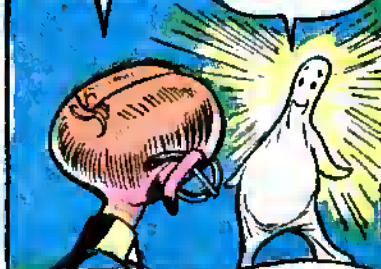
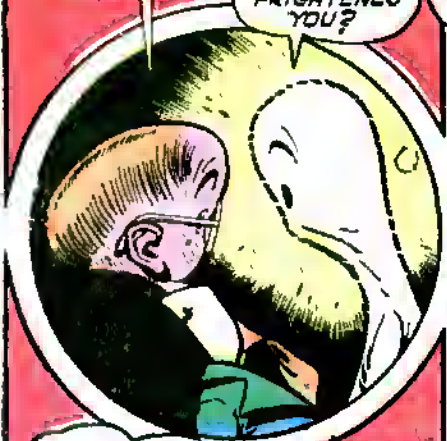
AND NOW
I HAVE'T
ANY MORE
INFERIORITY
COMPLEX?

NOPE!
YOU HAVE
THE
NECESSARY
CONFIDENCE
IN YOURSELF
TO HAUNT
A HOUSE
CAPABLY!

OH!



GOSH!
I'M HAPPY!
I'LL TRY IT
ON MRS.
WHIPPER-
SNAPPER!

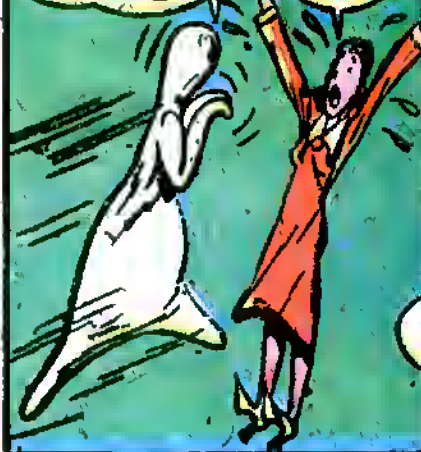


... AND THANK
YOU VERY MUCH!
YOU CAN
IMAGINE HOW
EMBARRASSING
IT HAS BEEN
HAVING A GHOST
IN THE HOUSE
THAT DIDN'T
FRIGHTEN
ME!

... SHUCKS
IT T WEREN'T
ANYTHING
AT ALL... I
STRAIGHTEN-
ED HIM OUT-
HE'LL SCARE
THE OAY-
LIGHTS OUT
OF YOU
NOW!

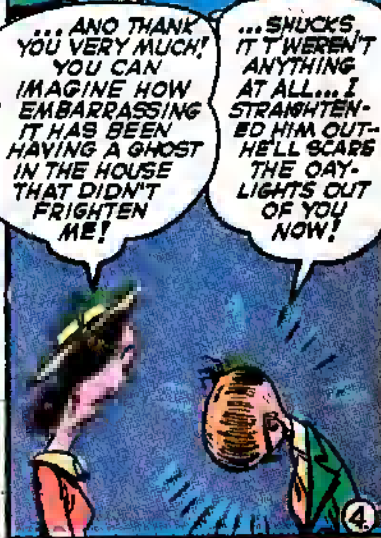
BOO!

OH!



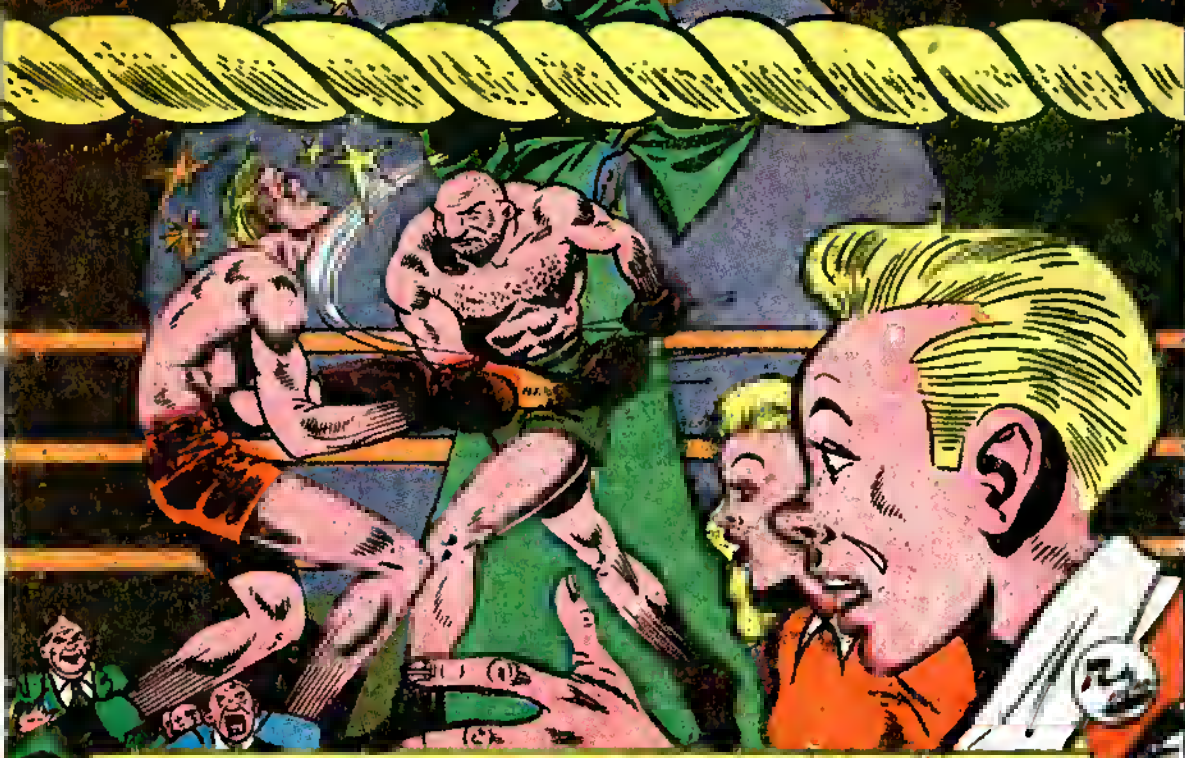
WHY! HE
REALLY
FRIGHTENED
ME!

GOODY!
GOODY!



AND MASTERMIND DOES
ANOTHER GOOD DEED!
LOOK FOR FURTHER
ADVENTURES OF THE
LITTLE GUY WITH THE
SUPER-DUPER BRAINS!

LITTLE LEADERS



DEATH IS BOTH REFEREE AND JUDGE IN THE STATE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT AND BOTH MICKEY AND HIS PAL KATIE, THE LITTLE LEADERS, ARE CAUGHT IN THE BONY FINGERS OF FATE!

MICKEY AND KATIE ATTEND THE BOUT BETWEEN STATE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP, BATTLING BREEN, CENTER CITY HIGH GRADUATE, AND ROCKY SHOAL, CONTENDER FOR THE CROWN....

AND HERE, ROCKY SHOAL, CONTENDER FOR THE TITLE

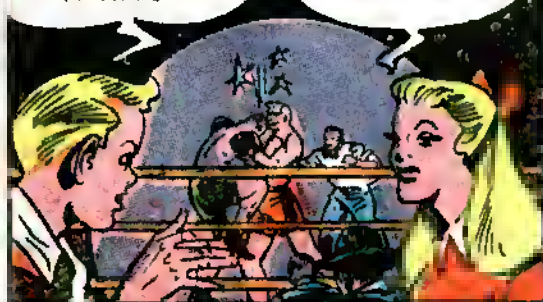
ROCKY SHOAL LOOKS PLENTY TOUGH, KATIE, BUT BATTLING BREEN IS TOUGH, TOO!



As THE FIGHT GETS UNDER WAY, IT IS EVIDENT ROCKY SHOAL IS SOMETHING MORE THAN TOUGH....

ROCKY SHOAL'S A DIRTY FIGHTER, KATIE! LOOK AT HIM!

THE REFEREE IS GOING TO WARN HIM, MICKEY---



IN SPITE OF ROCKY SHOAL'S DIRTY FIGHTING, BATTLE BREEN BEGINS TO SHOW HIS CHAMPIONSHIP QUALITIES AS A FIGHTER....

-- BY THE SEVENTH ROUND --

KNOCK HIM OUT, BAT. KNOCK HIM OUT!

ATTA BOY, BAT --- GEE KATIE, THE CHAMP IS SWELL!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, BREAK!

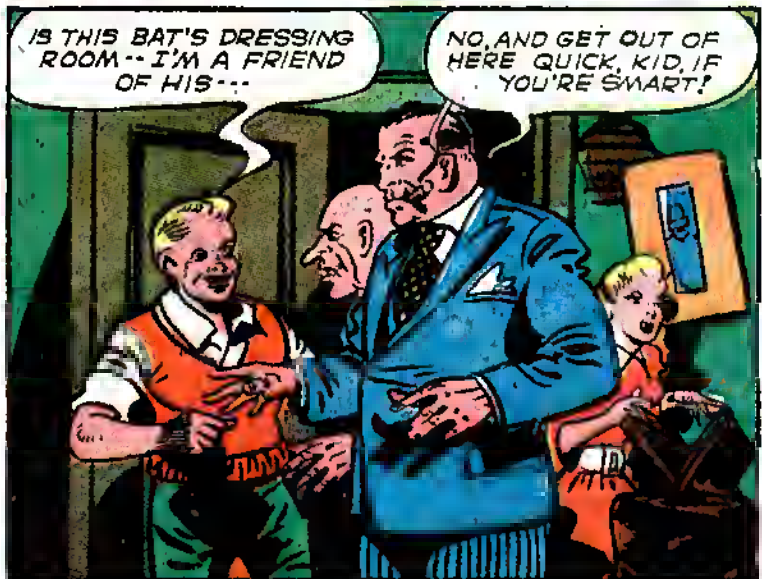
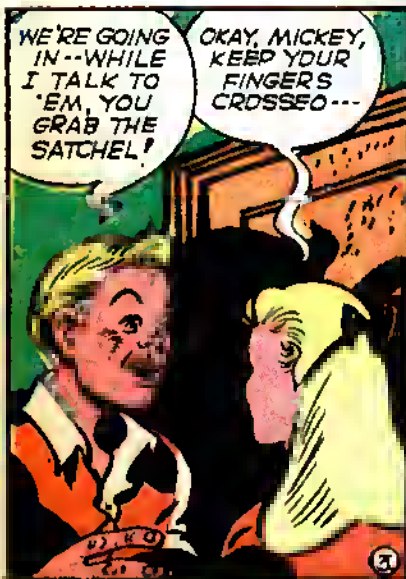
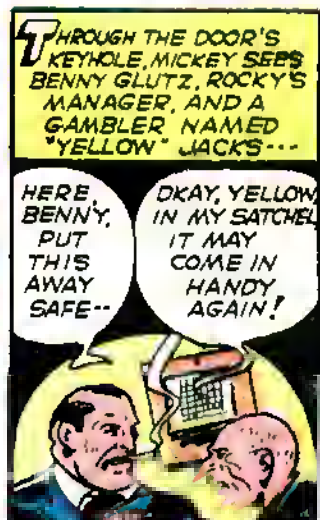
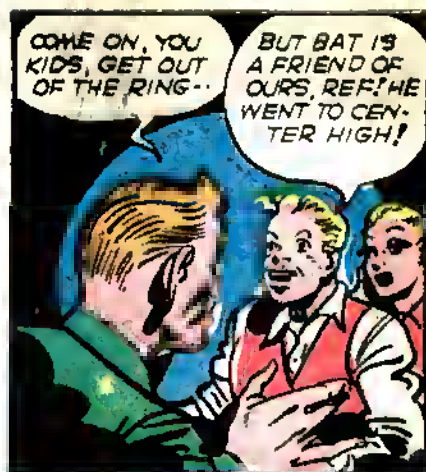
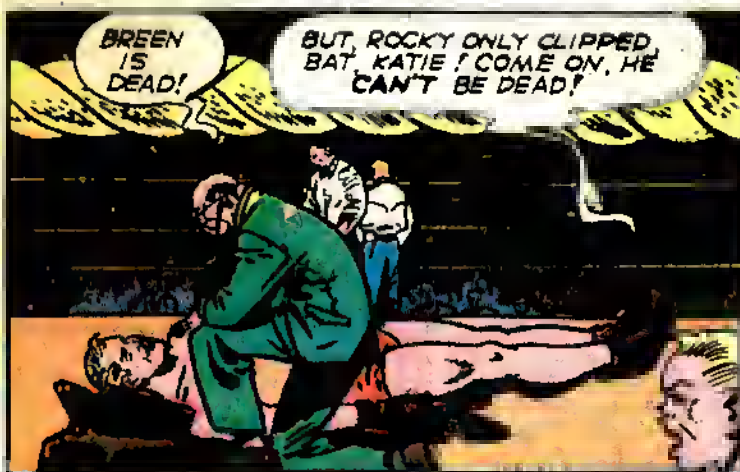
OW-W!

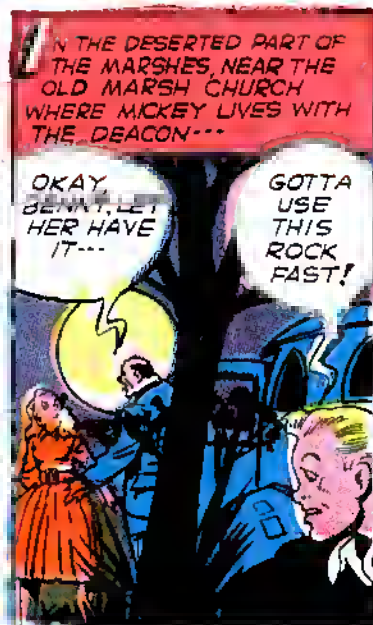
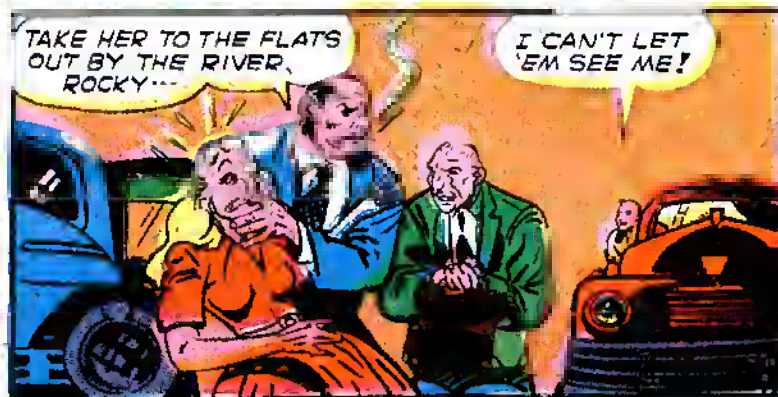
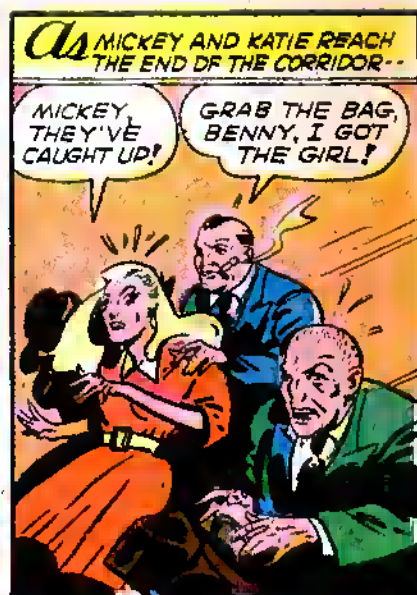
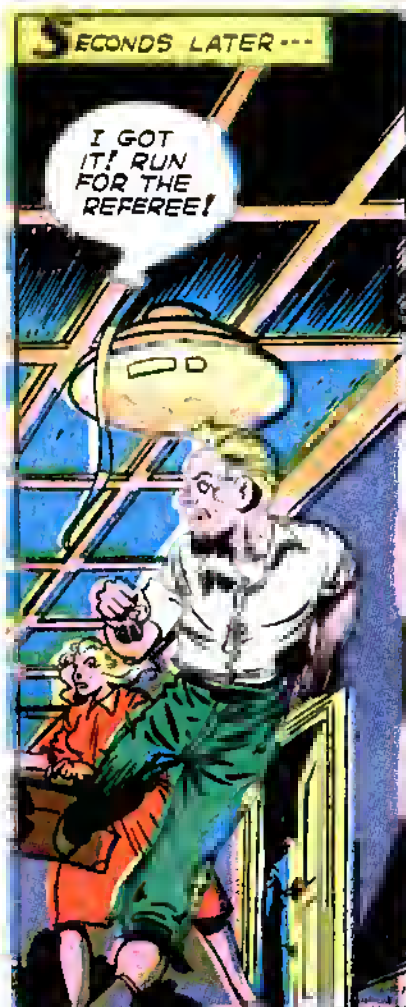
BAT'S GOING DOWN!

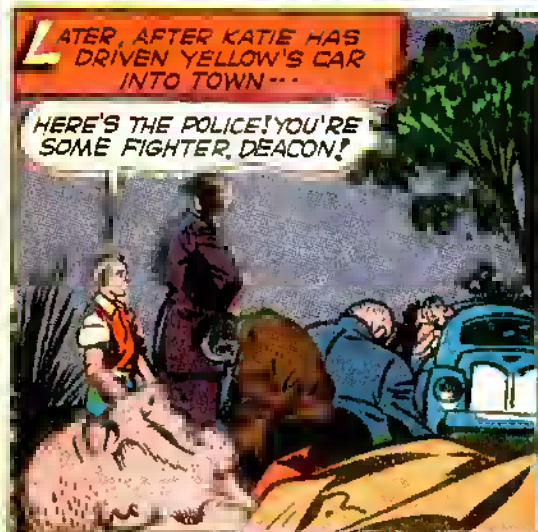
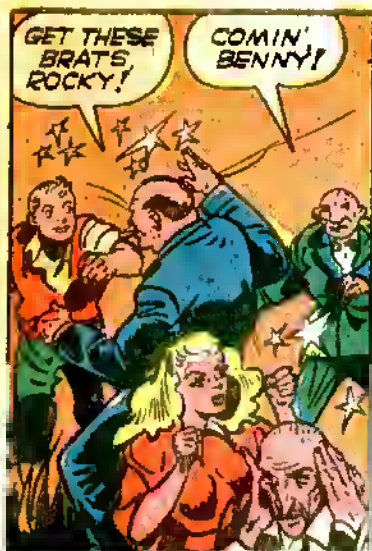
-- NINE--
TEN--

GOODNIGHT, KATIE, BAT IS OUT!

BREEN'S NOT COMING AROUND AT ALL -- BETTER CALL DOC RAFT ---







STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of CATMAN COMICS, published quarterly at St. Louis, Missouri, for October 1, 1945. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid personally appeared Irving Solomon, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Catman Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 4, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing director, and business managers are: Publisher, Continental Magazines, Inc., 220 West 42nd Street, New York City; Editor, Ray Willner, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City; Managing Editor, F. Z. Temerson, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City; Business Manager, Irving Solomon, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City. That the owner is F. Z. Temerson, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City; Esther Temerson, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City. That the paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the ownership and management of the publication in all respects known or believed by him, and that the said paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the ownership and management of the publication in all respects known or believed by him, and that this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed: Irving Solomon, business manager, Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of October, 1945. Anna Higgins, Notary Public. My commission expires March 30, 1946.

THE *Reckoner* and *Chipper*



MICHAEL SHAWN DRIVES HIS TAXI OVER A LONELY SUBURBAN ROAD, WHEN ---

MIKE, THAT WAS A GUN THAT FIRED!

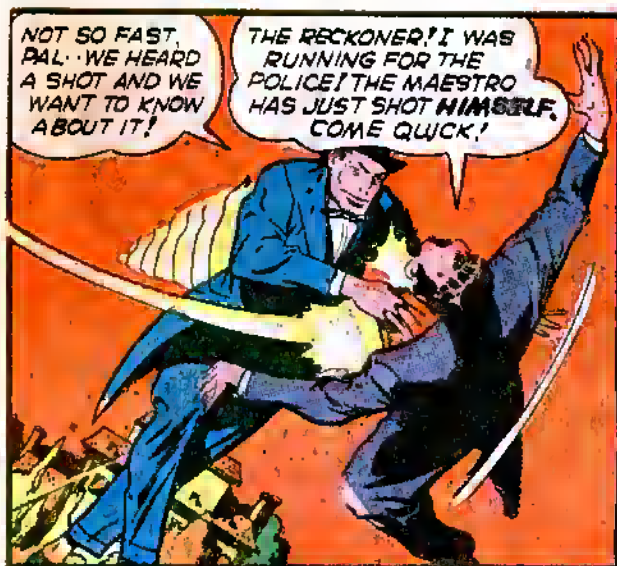
I'LL PARK OUT OF SIGHT IN THAT VACANT LOT! WE WILL INVESTIGATE AS--

THE RECKONER!

...AND CHIPPER!

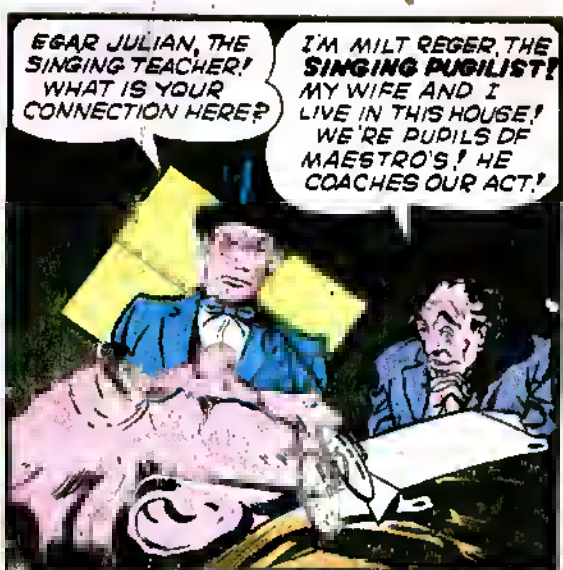
SOMEONE'S RUNNING AWAY FROM THE HOUSE -- LET'S HEAD HIM OFF---





NOT SO FAST, PAL! WE HEARD A SHOT AND WE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT!

THE RECKONER! I WAS RUNNING FOR THE POLICE! THE MAESTRO HAS JUST SHOT HIMSELF. COME QUICK!



EGAR JULIAN, THE SINGING TEACHER! WHAT IS YOUR CONNECTION HERE?

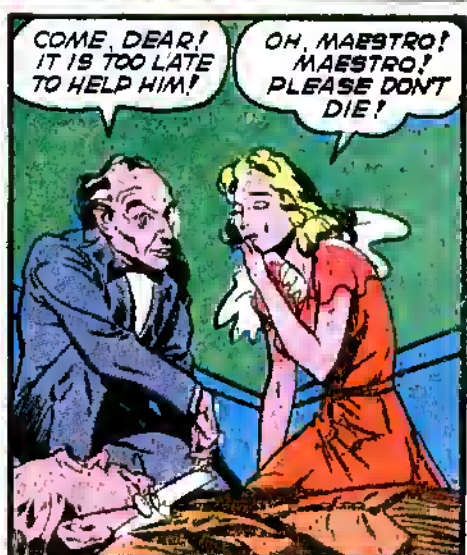
I'M MILT REGER, THE SINGING PUBLIST! MY WIFE AND I LIVE IN THIS HOUSE! WE'RE PUPILS OF MAESTRO'S! HE COACHES OUR ACT!



EEEEEEK!
MAESTRO!
WHAT HAPPENED?

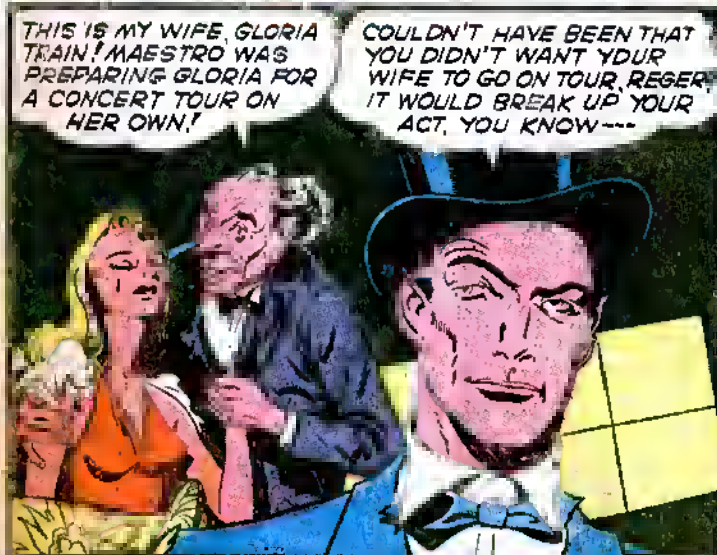


MAESTRO SHOT HIMSELF, GLORIA!



COME, DEAR! IT IS TOO LATE TO HELP HIM!

OH, MAESTRO! MAESTRO! PLEASE DON'T DIE!

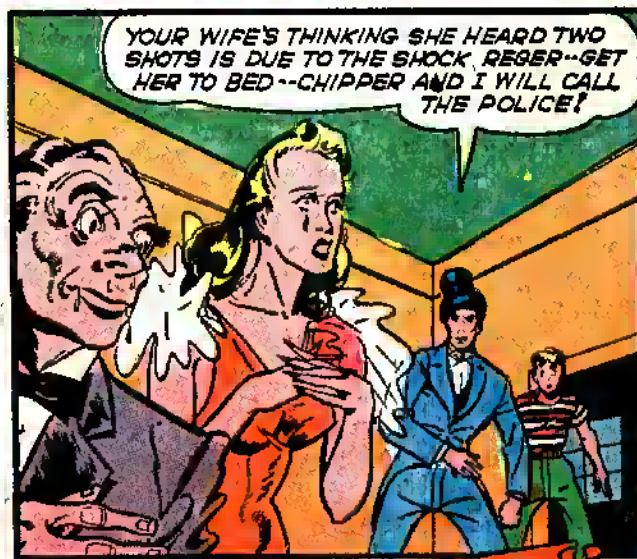
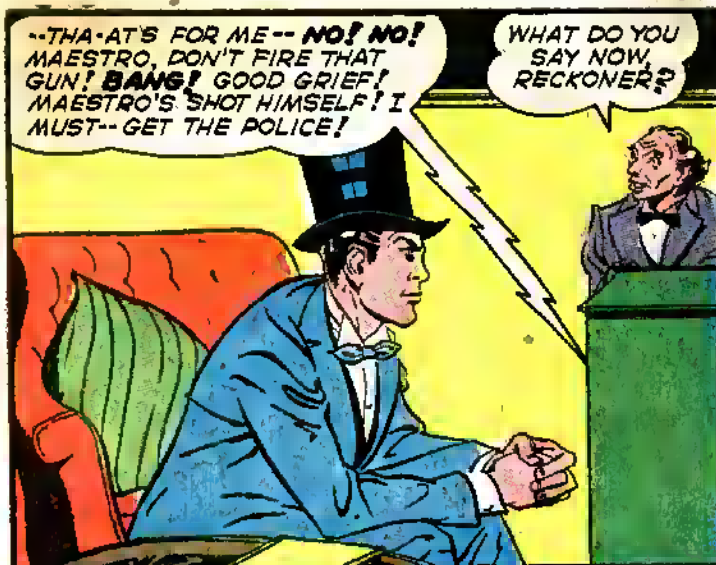


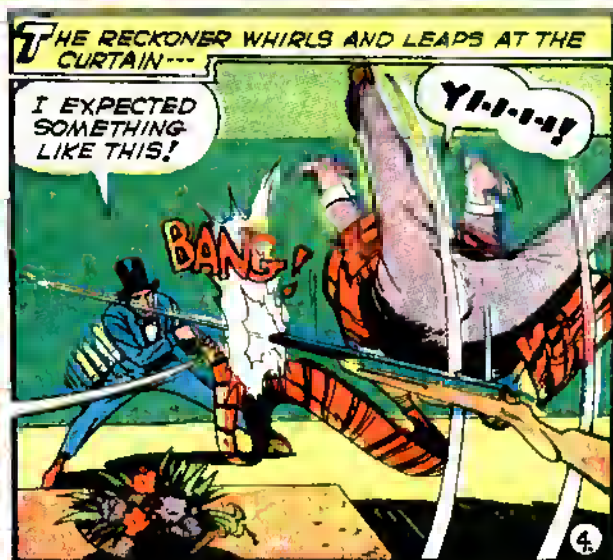
THIS IS MY WIFE, GLORIA TEAIN! MAESTRO WAS PREPARING GLORIA FOR A CONCERT TOUR ON HER OWN!

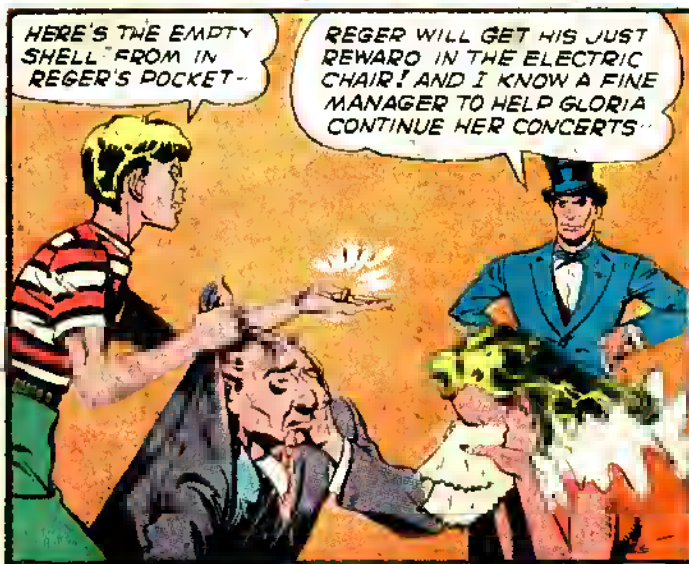
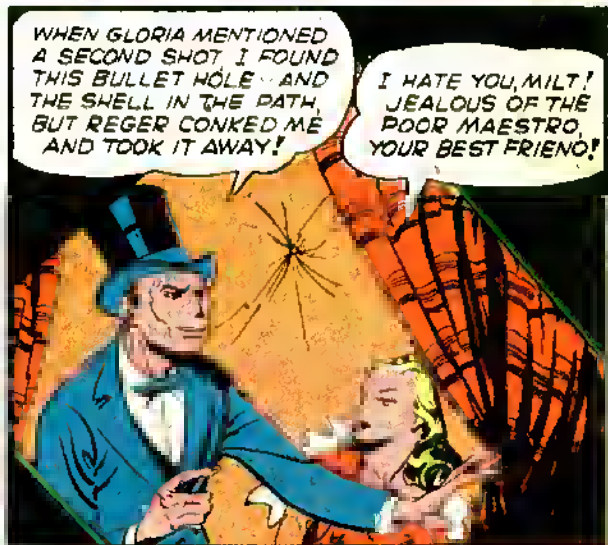
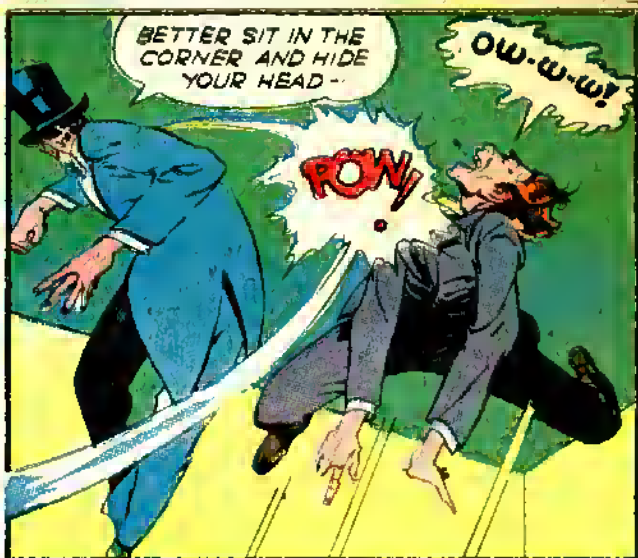
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THAT YOU DIDN'T WANT YOUR WIFE TO GO ON TOUR, REGER. IT WOULD BREAK UP YOUR ACT, YOU KNOW---



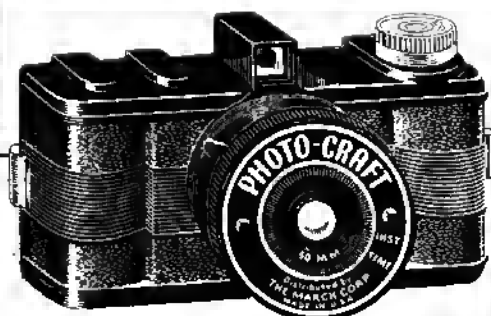
GOOD HEAVENS, RECKONER! YOU DON'T THINK I--WAIT. MAESTRO WAS MAKING A RECORDING OF MY VOICE! I'LL PLAY THE RECORD!







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TRAVEL
KIT

*a Gift He
Will Truly
Appreciate*

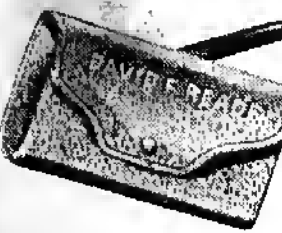


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